Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 30, 1957 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

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Sir John Barbirolli, conducting the Halle Orchestra in its Centennial Season (See RECORDINGS)

How Writers Write
By Malcolm Cowley

Segregation: Its Past and
Three New Books Deal With t

MARTHA ALY
BOX 215
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This is where the music begins

* New Transcription-Type Tone Arm Makes Collaro World's First True High Fidelity Changer

Selecting your own high fidelity record playing system can be an exciting and rewarding experience. You look for an amplifier with low distortion and low noise level. You want a speaker capable of reproducing the entire audible range. And you want to make certain you pick the right record player to go with your system—because that's where **the music begins.**

The *right* record player for today's fine high fidelity systems is the all new Collaro—*the turntable that changes records*—featuring the revolutionary transcription-type tone arm.

The new arm is one-piece, counter-balanced and will take any standard cartridge. Resonances are below the audible level. Between the top and bottom of a stack of records there's a difference of less than 1 gram in the tracking weight as compared with 4 to 8 grams on conventional changers. This insures better performance for your precious records and longer life for your expensive styli.

It's worth noting that Collaro quality is so well recognized that leading American manufacturers of fine console units incorporate Collaro into their instruments in order to achieve the best possible performance in a record player.

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When you buy your Collaro, you're buying professional quality equipment at a record changer price. Collaro prices start at $37.50. The Continental, featured above, is $46.50. (Prices are slightly higher west of the Mississippi.)

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FREE: Colorful new catalog, containing guide on building record library plus complete Collaro line.

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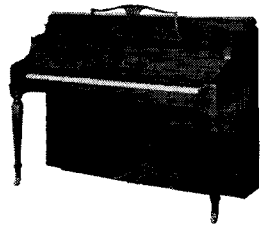

The Steinway Hepplewhite has the dignity of classic style

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Now in handsome colors: the Olivetti Lettera 22, the portable portable. Traveling companion, family friend, student's delight, it provides all the important features of big standard typewriters. Blue, green or gray, $88 plus tax.

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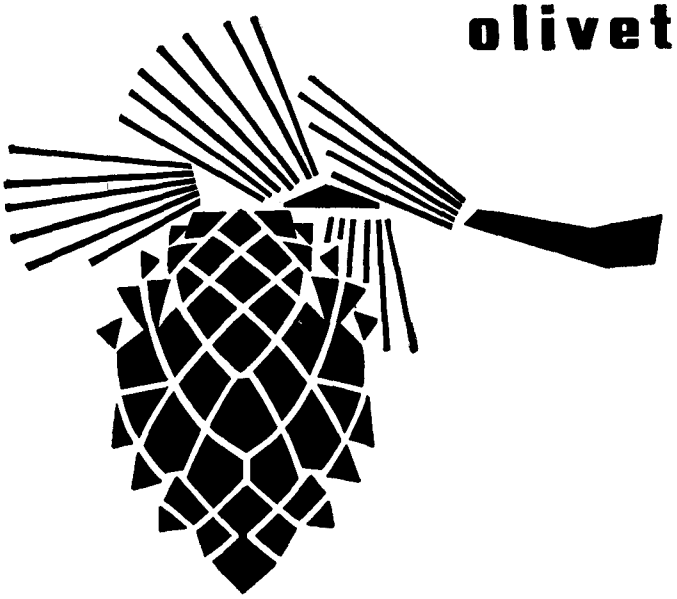

The Olivetti Studio 44 is a somewhat larger portable, with the feel and features of a standard; type on it blindfolded and we think you'll mistake it for one. Blue or gray, $115 plus tax. Olivetti, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 30, 1957

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XL, No. 48, Nov. 30, 1957. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."
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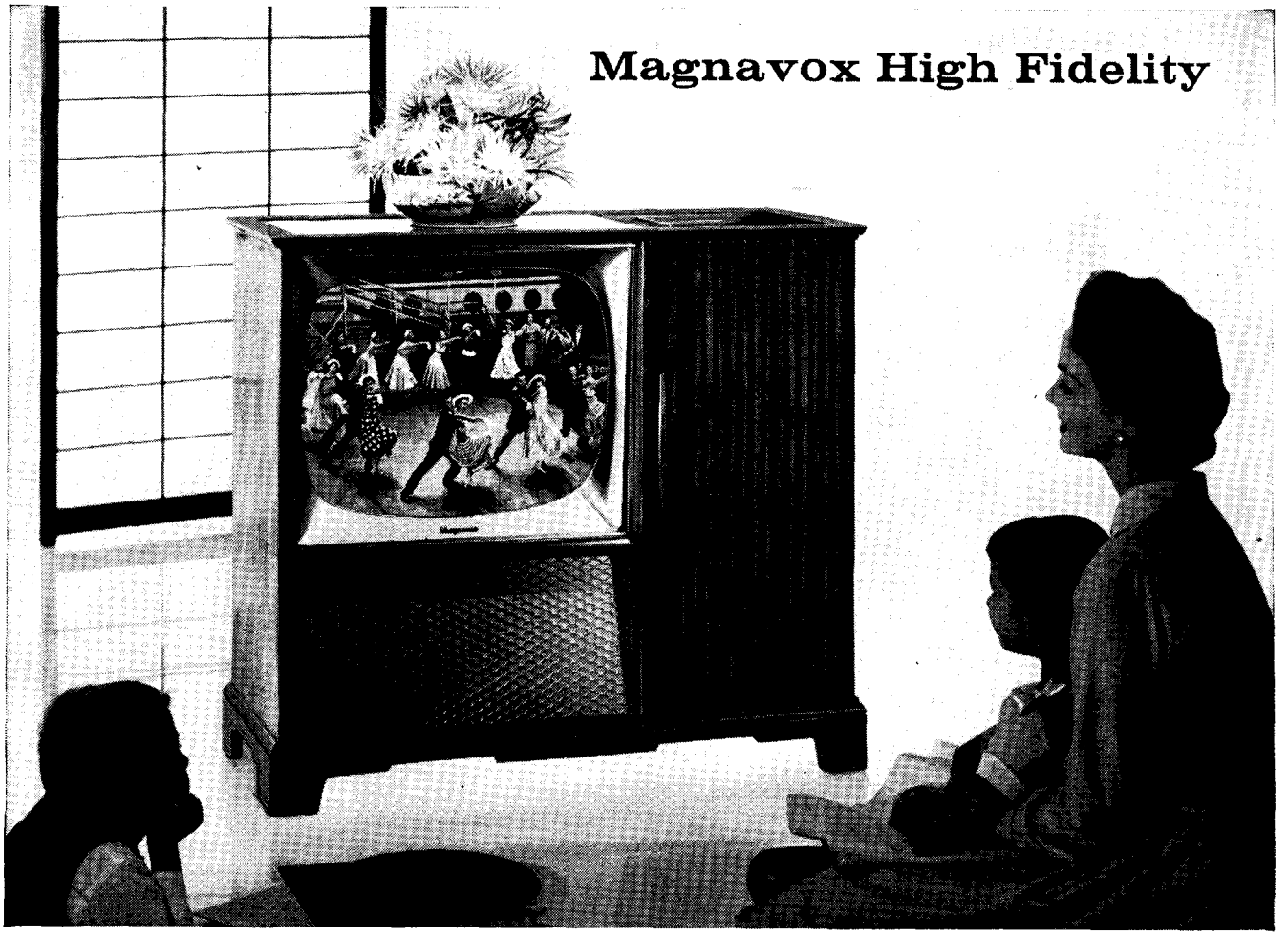

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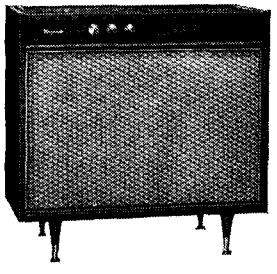

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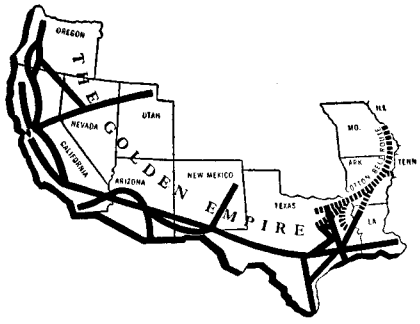
No man's land? Or room for industry?

A lot of could-be valuable land lies pinched and useless between railroad tracks and highways built too close to them. What ought to be a desirable industrial site, with safe, easy access to rail and road on either side, is instead a breeding-ground for beer cans, poison ivy, discarded automobiles and the like.

New highways, wherever possible, ought to lie at least 1,000 feet away from rail lines. Southern Pacific urges everyone concerned — in cities in our own bailiwick and elsewhere — to think foresightedly about this problem.



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TRADE Winds

CHARLES SCRIBNER, JR., SPEAKING: "I guess you could call Scribner's self-consciously old-fashioned as a publisher. But with lots of new ideas."

► James Jones, a leading Scribner's novelist, speaking: "Writing is like a toothache. It stays that way right through all the time you're working on a novel. It's just a question of how intense the pain is."

► Burroughs Mitchell, Scribner's editor who handles Jones, speaking: "Jim's new manuscript for 'Some Came Running' is one of the largest in history, I believe. It's 2,600 pages long—quite a fistful of paper."

► John Hall Wheelock, poet and editor-emeritus of Scribner's, speaking: "The easiest type of poem to write is a mediocre sonnet; the hardest, free verse."

► George McCorkle, assistant to the president of Scribner's, speaking: "I get a tremendous kick out of discovering a book on our back-list which can be reissued with almost as much excitement as a new book."

► Harry Brague, another Scribner's editor, speaking: "We've got a heady, exciting novel coming up in Maurice Druon's 'The Male Succession.' It's the fourth of his well-received historical series about the Accursed Kings of France—a bloody, crafty, boisterous picture."

► Such was the talk around Scribner's on the day we visited there—and from these men you can sense a sample of the mood and tempo of this century-plus old publisher whose name is as familiar as the buckram which binds its books.

CHARLES SCRIBNER, JR., IS THE FOURTH of that name to handle the rudder of the house, a rarity in any business. Over his desk hang the portraits of those who have gone before him: the first Charles Scribner, who originated the firm in 1846; Charles Scribner II, who saw to it that authors like Kipling, Stevenson, Henry James, and Barrie bore the Scribner's imprint—to say nothing of Meredith, Galsworthy, and Winston S. Churchill; Charles Scribner III, who witnessed the harvest of writers like F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, Ring Lardner, and a host of others.

"When I say we are self-consciously old-fashioned," Charles, Jr., continued, "I mean that we believe it's important for publishers to retain their capacity for bringing out new works in hard covers. Paperbacks are important, because they create an extended demand for books of all kinds. But they are not well-suited to originating important work, which is part of the traditional publishing system."

The surface impression that the House of Scribner creates is one of conservatism—and to an extent this is true. It stands near 48th Street and Fifth Avenue, where both the publishing firm and its extensive retail bookshop have been since 1913. It is the only remaining traditional publisher to have a single retail outlet as an integral part of the firm. But its conservatism is actually atmospheric only; its editorial ideas are dynamic, creative, aggressive. They are reflected in the virility of Hemingway, the outpourings of Thomas Wolfe, the colorful blasphemy of James Jones. Combined with these and other magnificently earthy talents the Scribner's catalogue offers large and active juvenile, college text, educational, and religious sections.

Charles Scribner, Jr., is a sensitive and perceptive young man who believes intensely in the necessity of exploration and discovery in the publishing world. Working in a background of tradition, he refuses to rely on it. He has a passionate interest in the philosophy of science, and will talk at length on that subject with contagious enthusiasm. And he was delighted to discover, via a letter from a magazine collector, that *Scribner's Monthly* in 1874 published an excerpt from Jules Verne's "The Great Air Line to the Moon." Illustrated in it was a three-stage rocket which even the Russians would have envied.

OVER HIS SPANISH OMELETTE, in a French restaurant featuring an Italian chef,

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SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI

*Sir John Barbirolli photographed with Ralph Vaughan Williams at the world premiere of the Symphony No. 8 in D Minor

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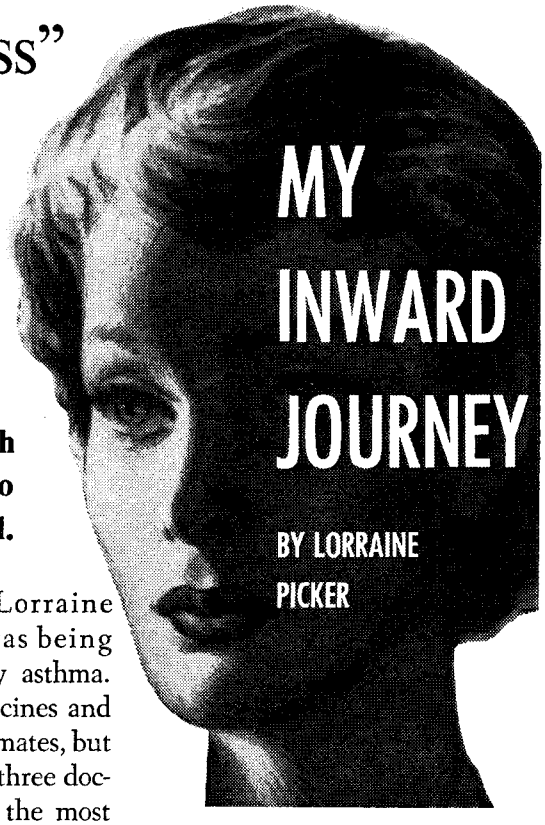

It is a book which offers new hope to everyone who is ill.

For thirty years Lorraine Picker literally was being choked to death by asthma. She tried new medicines and journeyed to new climates, but to no avail. Finally, three doctors guided her on the most challenging and mysterious journey of them all—into the tortured recesses of her own mind, where she found both the cause and the cure of her devastating ailment. This is her personal account of that inward journey — one of the most fascinating adventures in modern medicine. Foreword by DR. O. SPURGEON ENGLISH, Head of the Dept. of Psychiatry, Temple University Medical Center. Introduction by LUCY FREEMAN, author of *Fight Against Fears.* $3.00

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Dept. 12

James Jones was talking about the agony of creative writing.

"You never get used to it," he was saying. "Never. I usually work about five or six hours a day steadily—and, as I said, writing is like a toothache. It's with you all the time you're working on a novel, and the pain usually gets worse instead of better. I'm never exactly sure how the story is going to turn out myself until I get about three-quarters of the way through. Then the pain intensifies and the writing becomes lucider and clearer. But it takes all this time to build up psychological momentum. Isn't that right, Moss?"

He was addressing his wife, Gloria, who was holding his hand affectionately and listening to him with a look of what we suspect was adoration. She agreed. Across the table, Jones's editor Burroughs Mitchell agreed also. He and Jones have the obvious rapport which is so vital to intelligent publishing. (Jones, in fact, gave a warm credit to Mitchell at the end of his first book, "From Here to Eternity.")

"On my best days, and they are few and far between, I'm able to turn out fifteen or twenty pages. Other days: nothing. Some days: two or three pages. I usually have butterflies in my stomach the further along in a novel I get—because suppose I'm off the track after the first 500 pages? It's not a very stimulating thought to think of extensive re-writing at that stage."

What with all 2,600 pages of "Some Came Running" completed, and the book due on the stalls in January, Jones is working on a series of short stories ("There's a different rhythm in writing them from a novel—but the ache is still there"), taking a temporary leave from his home in Marshall, Illinois, to stay in Manhattan.

As in his writing, Jones speaks with directness and candor. He is known as a master martini blender, his formula being a thin bottlecap full of vermouth to every three martinis. He is built like a boxer (which is a major interest, along with ballet and jazz), and puts his natural athletic inclinations to good use in skindiving (a field in which he is considered almost a professional).

IF YOU MET JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, you would know him immediately for what he is: a distinguished editor and poet whose warmth and humanity are evident from the first words you hear him speak. He is retired from most of his editorial activity now, but is completing the fourth volume of the Poets of Today Series, which he originated to enable both publisher and

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poet to gain deserved circulation in a category notoriously slow in sales volume. By combining three poets in one volume, Scribner's has been able to order second printings in this series. The list of poets includes such names as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Louise Bogan, Conrad Aiken, Allen Tate, Wheelock himself, and others.

"A good poet has a big audience in time, but not in space," Wheelock said. "It's a question of durability, rather than immediate saturation. With rare exceptions—Byron, for instance—the poet will seldom see the fruits of appreciation to any great extent. Our series, I hope, can correct that a little.

"There seems to be a return today to a greater respect for form—a trend away from loose free verse. Actually, form is the servant of the poet. The mastery of it enables him to express himself better."

Wheelock feels, along with others, that there may be a trend today toward a new romantic era in poetry. Whatever the trend, it is bound to be reflected in this unique series—a series brought about through the dedicated energy of Mr. Wheelock: gentleman, scholar, and judge of good meter.

THE CURRENT editorial staff of Scribner's is following along the inkstained trail of such Scribner greats as Whitney Darrow, Sr., and the late Maxwell Perkins. They are maintaining the same philosophy, applying it to the challenging times.

However, there are some minor setbacks. Editor Brague, who has just finished editing the new authoritative edition of "The Sports Car: Development and Design," found that his enthusiasm for this hobby was considerably dimmed when: (a) he entered a race at Lake Placid in his Austin-Healy; (b) he spent $500 on a baby sitter, spare parts, repairs, and new tires; (c) he won an ash tray as a result—and he doesn't even smoke.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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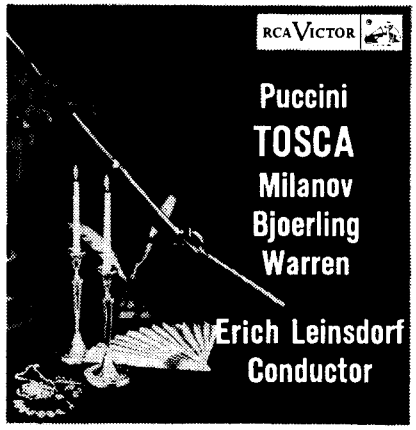

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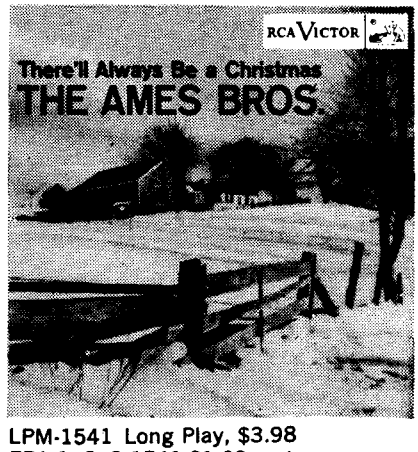

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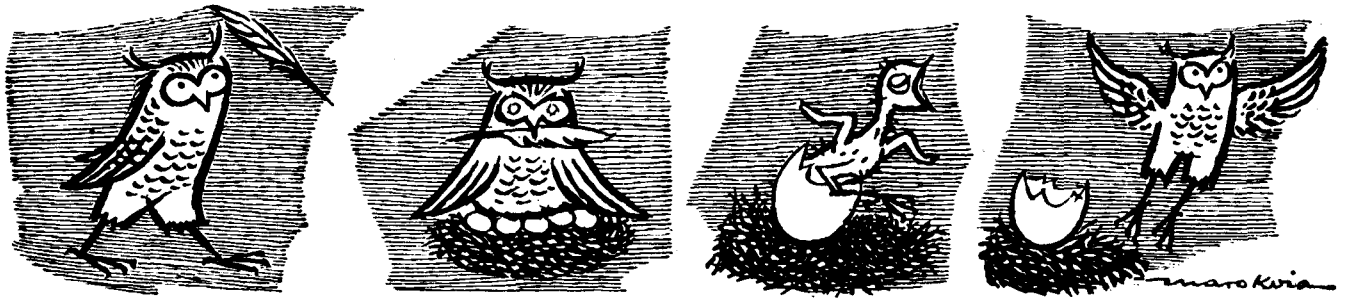
NOVEMBER 30, 1957



HOW WRITERS WRITE

By MALCOLM COWLEY

FOR the last four years a series of candid interviews with fiction writers has been appearing in that lively young quarterly, the *Paris Review*. It tells more about the craft of writing novels and stories—which is really two separate crafts—than any similar series I have read in English.

Among the authors presented are E. M. Forster, who came first in the series and set a pattern followed by others; François Mauriac, the late Joyce Cary, William Faulkner, and (still to appear in the magazine, although I have read the interviews in manuscript) Frank O'Connor and Angus Wilson. It seems strange that these authors and others of high standing should have devoted so much of their time to a project from which they had nothing to gain. Some of them, I am told, disliked the idea of being interviewed, but consented anyway, either out of friendship for someone on the *Review* or because they wanted to help a struggling magazine of the arts. Others—including Cary, Simenon, and Robert Penn Warren—were interested in the creative process and glad to talk about it. Not one of the interviewers had any professional experience in asking questions and taking down answers, but perhaps this inexperience and youth were positive advantages. Authors are sometimes like tomcats; they distrust all the other toms, but they are kind to kittens.

"Kind" in this case means honest and accurate, each in his individual fashion. Taken as a group the interviews reveal a striking diversity of characters and talents, but they also reveal a common body of experience and a group of common attitudes toward the craft of fiction. Let us see how these distinguished authors go about the task of writing their books.

On the basis of the interviews, one would say that the composition of a story is a process in which there are four distinct stages. First comes the germ of the story, then a period of more or less conscious meditation, then the first draft, and finally the revision, which may be simply "pencil work," as John O'Hara calls it—that is, minor changes in wording—or may lead to writing several drafts and what amounts to a new work.

THE germ of a story is something seen or heard, or heard about, or suddenly remembered; it may be a remark casually dropped at the dinner table (as in the case of Henry James's story, "The Spoils of Poynton"), or again it may be the look on a stranger's face. Almost always it is a new and simple element introduced into an existing situation or mood; something that serves as a focal point for a hitherto disorganized mass of feelings and memories. James describes it as "the precious particle . . . the stray suggestion, the vague echo, at a touch of which the novelist's imagination winces as at the prick of some sharp point," and he adds that "its virtue is all in its needle-like quality, the power to penetrate as finely as possible."

In the case of one story by Joyce Cary, the "precious particle" was the wrinkles on a young woman's forehead. He had seen her on the little steamer that goes around Manhattan Island, "a girl of about thirty," he says, "wearing a shabby skirt. She was enjoying herself. A nice expression, with a wrinkled forehead, a good many wrinkles. I said to my friends, 'I could write about that girl . . .'" but then he forgot her. Three weeks later, in San Francisco, Cary woke at four in the morning with a story in his head—a purely English story with an English heroine. When he came to revise the story he kept wondering, "Why all these wrinkles? That's the third time they come in. And I suddenly realized," he says, "that my English heroine was the girl on the Manhattan boat. Somehow she had gone down into my subconscious, and came up again with a full-sized story."

The woman with the wrinkled forehead could hardly have served as the germ of anything by Frank O'Connor,

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for his imagination is auditive, not visual. "If you're the sort of person," he says, "that meets a girl in the street and instantly notices the color of her eyes and of her hair and the sort of dress she's wearing, then you're not in the least like me. . . . I have terribly sensitive hearing and I'm terribly aware of voices." Often his stories develop from a remark he has overheard. That may also be the case with Dorothy Parker, who says to the interviewer, "I haven't got a visual mind. I hear things." Faulkner does have a visual mind, and he says that "The Sound and the Fury" "began with a mental picture. I didn't realize at the time it was symbolical. The picture was of a muddy seat of a little girl's drawers in a pear tree, where she could see through a window where her grandmother's funeral was taking place and report what was happening to her brothers on the ground below. By the time I explained who they were and what they were doing and how her pants got muddy, I realized it would be impossible to get all of it into a short story, and it would have to be a book."

At other times the precious particle is something the author has read—preferably a book of memoirs or history or travel, one that lies outside his own field of writing. Robert Penn Warren says, "I always remember the date, the place, the room, the road, when I first was struck. For instance, 'World Enough and Time.' Katherine Anne Porter and I were both in the Library of Congress as fellows. We were in the same pew, had offices next to each other. She came in one day with an old pamphlet, the trial of Beauchamp for killing Colonel Sharp. She said, 'Well, Red, you better read this.' There it was. I read it in five minutes. But I was six years making the book. Any book I write starts with a flash, but takes a long time to shape up."

The book or story shapes up—assumes its own specific form, that is—during a process of meditation that is the second stage in composition. Angus Wilson calls this "the gestatory period" and says that it is "very important to me. That's when I'm persuading myself of the truth of what I want to say, and I don't think I could persuade my readers unless I'd persuaded myself first." The period may last for years, as with Warren's novels (and most of Henry James's), or it may last exactly two days, as in the extraordinary case of Georges Simenon.

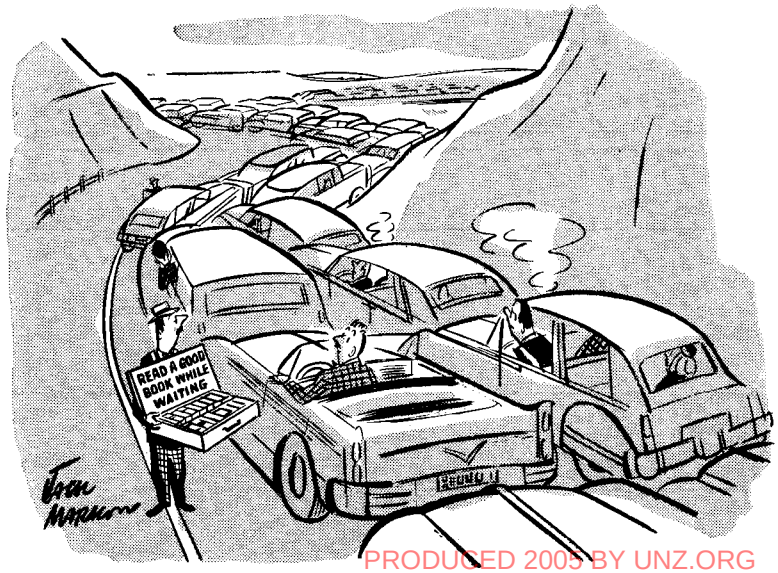
"As soon as I have the beginning," Simenon explains, "I can't bear it very long. . . . And two days later I begin writing." The meditation may be, or seem to be, wholly conscious. The writer asks himself questions—"What should the characters do at this point? How can I build to a climax?"—and answers them in various fashions before finding the final answers. Or most of the process, including all the early steps, may be carried on without the writer's volition. He wakes before daybreak with the whole story in his head, as Cary did in San Francisco, and hastily writes it down. Or again—and I think most frequently—the meditation is a mixture of conscious and unconscious elements, as if a cry from the depths of sleep were being heard and revised by the conscious mind.

Often the meditation continues while the writer is engaged in other occupations: gardening, driving his wife to town (as Walter Mitty did in Thurber's story), or going out to dinner. "I never quite know when I'm not writing," Thurber says to the interviewer. "Sometimes my wife comes up to me at a dinner party and says, 'Dammit, Thurber, stop writing.' She usually catches me in the middle of a paragraph. Or my daughter will look up from the dinner table and ask, 'Is he sick?' 'No,' my wife says, 'he's writing.' I have to do it that way on account of my eyes." When Thurber had better vision he used to meditate at the typewriter, as many other writers do. Nelson Algren, for example, finds his plots simply by writing page after page, night after night. "I always figured," he says, "the only way I could finish a book and get a plot was just to keep making it longer and longer until something happens."

THE first draft of a story is often written at top speed; probably that is the best way to write it. Frank O'Connor explains why he feels a need for haste. "Get black on white," he says, "used to be Maupassant's advice—that's what I always do. I don't give a hoot what the writing's like, I write any sort of rubbish which will cover the main outlines of the story, then I begin to see it." His real work doesn't begin until the first draft is on paper. There are, however, other writers among those interviewed who work ahead laboriously, revising as they go. William Styron says, "I seem to have some neurotic need to perfect each paragraph—each sentence, even—as I go along." Dorothy Parker reports that it takes her six months to do a story: "I think it out and then write it sentence by sentence—on first draft. I can't write five words but that I change seven."

O'Connor doesn't start changing words until the first draft is finished, but then he rewrites, so he says, "Endlessly, endlessly, endlessly." There is no stage of composition at which these authors differ more from one another than in this final stage of preparing a manuscript for the printer. Even that isn't a final stage for O'Connor. "I keep on rewriting," he says, "and after it's published, and then after it's published in book form, I usually rewrite it again. I've rewritten versions of most of my early stories, and one of these days, God help, I'll publish these as well." Françoise Sagan, on the other hand, spends "very little" time in revision. Simenon spends only three days in revising each of his short novels. Most of that time is devoted to tracking down and crossing out the literary touches—"Adjectives, adverbs, and every word which is there just to make an effect. Every sentence which is there just for the sentence. You know, you have a beautiful sentence—cut it."

Joyce Cary was another deletionist.



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Many of the passages he crossed out of his first drafts were those dealing explicitly with ideas. "I work over the whole book," he says, "and cut out anything that does not belong to the emotional development, the texture of feeling." Thurber revises his stories by rewriting them from the beginning, time and again. "A story I've been working on," he says, "was rewritten fifteen complete times. There must have been close to 240,000 words in all the manuscripts put together, and I must have spent 2,000 hours working at it. Yet the finished story can't be more than 20,000 words." That would make it about the longest piece of fiction he has written. Men like Thurber and O'Connor, who rewrite "endlessly, endlessly," find it hard to face the interminable prospect of writing a full-length novel.

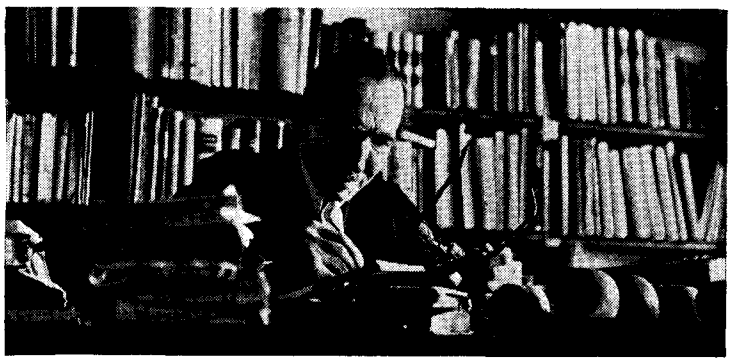
For short-story writers the four stages of composition are usually distinct, and there may even be a fifth, or rather a first, stage. Before seizing upon the germ of a story, the writer may find himself in a state of "generaly intensified emotional sensitivity . . . when events that usually pass unnoticed suddenly move you deeply, when a sunset lifts you to exaltation, when a squeaking door throws you into a fit of exasperation, when a clear look of trust in a child's eyes moves you to tears." I am quoting from Dorothy Canfield Fisher, not one of the interviewed authors, who "cannot conceive," she says, "of any creative fiction written from any other beginning."

I suspect that Mrs. Fisher is right and that the germ is precious chiefly because it serves to crystallize an already existent state of feeling. Then comes the period of brooding or gestation, then the first draft (or parturition of the story), and then its usually slow revision; for the short-story writer everything is likely to happen in more or less its proper order. For the novelist, however, the four stages are often confused. The meditation may have to be repeated for each new episode. The revision of one chapter may precede or follow the first draft of the next.

APPARENTLY the hardest problem for almost any writer, whatever his medium, is getting to work in the morning (or in the afternoon, if he is a late riser like William Styron, or even at night). Thornton Wilder says, "Many writers have told me that they have built up mnemonic devices to start them off on each day's writing task. Hemingway once told me he sharpened twenty pencils; Willa Cather that she read a passage from

(*Continued on page* 35)

THE ODYSSEY OF NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS



By KIMON FRIAR, *longtime friend and co-worker of the great Greek author; his translation of "The Odyssey" will be published by Simon and Schuster in the Fall of 1958.*

IN THE summer of 1952, in an obscure student's hostel in Florence, I met Nikos Kazantzakis and his wife, Helen, for the first time. We plunged immediately into excited talk on many philosophical and trivial subjects, as only fellow Greeks can, until after a half hour he exclaimed, "But you must have read *all* my work! You seem familiar with all my thought!" I had read and translated into prose, however, only those forty small sections of his epic, "The Odyssey," which the best artist of modern Greece, Ghika, had chosen for illustration, and yet I also felt that I had never before met a man so completely the father of my own thought. His epical poem of twenty-four books and 33,000 lines takes up the story exactly where Homer left it. Odysseus cleanses the suitors' blood from his body, leaves Ithaca once more, runs off with Helen, and destroys the decadent civilization of Knossos in Crete. After many adventures in Egypt he follows the Nile to its source, builds the Ideal City, which is immediately after destroyed by volcanic eruption, then turns ascetic and in his travels to the southern tip of Africa meets various symbolical representatives of the Primitive Man, the Hedonist, the Ascetic, Don Quixote, Buddha, and finally Christ. He then builds a small skiff and sails to his death amid the icebergs of the Antarctic Regions.

Kazantzakis had been invited to visit China by the Chinese Government, and in June of this year, amid his packed valises, he wrote me from his home in Antibes on the French Riviera: "Again I am taking the road of insanity [that is, of Dionysian ecstasy, of spiritual adventure], which has always remained for me the road towards the highest wisdom." Though he had been suffering precariously from lymphoid leukemia for the past few years and was now seventy-two years old, he was eager to see the changes in the new worlds of China and Japan, both of which he had visited in 1934. From Peking he sent me a card of a bird perched on a blossomed cherry bough, and wrote in part: "My heart is like this bird that sings of spring . . . I force my body to obey my soul, and thus I never tire. We shall return to Europe via the North Pole." In order to visit Hong-Kong, he was given a smallpox vaccination, and as he flew on to Tokyo, and then to Anchorage, Alaska, on the North Pole route, Death entered his body through the vaccination puncture on his right arm and worsened to deadly infection as he flew past the Arctic Regions. By one of those astounding coincidences which topple rational thought, Kazantzakis in old age had flown to the northernmost extremity of the earth to meet Death exactly as the autobiographical hero of his "Odyssey" had confronted Death in Antarctic regions, and thus harmony had been preserved in antipodal and frozen balance.

He was rushed to a hospital in Copenhagen, then taken after a few weeks to the University Clinic in Freiburg, Germany, where he had often gone for leukemia treatments. The infection had spread to his right side, his lower lip and tongue had swollen, and after four days of influenza with a 105-degree fever, he died at 10:20 on the evening of October 26. At dawn on the following day, his wife wrote me that he had "slept away, lovingly, beautifully, kindly, without complaint. . . ." His last days had been filled with joy by visits from the man whom he most admired in the living

(*Continued on page* 36)

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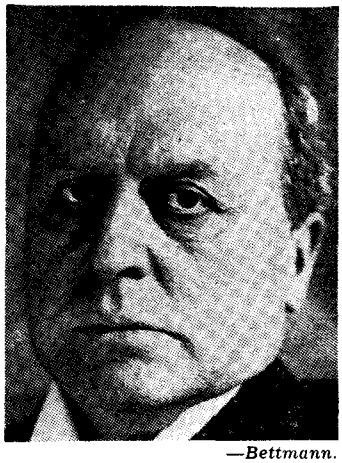
—Warner Brothers.

James Dean—"from cults . . ."

USA

The Way of Life We Call American



—Bettmann.

Henry James—"to corporations . . ."

"America as a Civilization," by Max Lerner *(Simon & Schuster. 1036 pp. $10), is an extensive examination of the American people and the kind of society they have achieved.*

By Gilbert Seldes

EVEN more than its size, the structure of "America as a Civilization" indicates that this is not one book, but several—at least five by my count—and the question Max Lerner has triumphantly answered is whether he was right in putting them together. Or, the other way round, the significance of this book lies in the connections it establishes, in making us see the interrelation between the parts. One thing more has to be said, one question has to be answered as it will have to be answered about every examination of America after the coming of the Sputniks: this book is *not* outdated, it will continue to be contemporary for years to come.

One reason is that the questions it asks and answers have their roots in the past which flowers in the present. If Mr. Lerner had been willing to write a book "for" or "against" America, he could have saved himself much labor—and his work could be made obsolete by an election or a turn in the Cold War or a depression. Instead he has asked—and to a great extent satisfactorily answered—"the questions . . . one would have to ask about the people of any great civilization." The scope of the book is indicated by these questions:

> What are their traditions, biological stock, environment? How do they make a living, govern themselves, handle . . . power and freedom? How are they divided . . . How do they court, marry, bring up and educate children? How do they work, play . . . What are the . . . organizing principles that hold their civilization together? What Gods do they worship . . . what attitudes do they own up to . . . what culture patterns do they move in . . . what fears restrain them . . . ?
>
> What, in short, is it that makes America not "a congeries of possessors and pursuers" . . . but a *civilization?*

The questions carry their own interconnections. They are made visible again by the recurrence of specific things and people in unexpected places. For instance, "The Great Gatsby" is referred to in connection with suburbia, big business, adolescence, and the search for status. Again a single subject is treated in many phases. Apart from a major section, the subject of class occurs in relation to divorce, fraternal orders, sports, heroes, manners, and so on. Nothing is left unrelated and the connections are organic, not verbal or forced.

About many of Mr. Lerners's topics I am more curious than informed and it is a temptation to turn to my own field, to see how he measures up there, and to judge the rest of the book by this section. But as I have long known that the author is sound on my subject (which means that he and I do not disagree on essentials, I suppose) this isn't useful. I find it better to move from section to section, to follow the crystallization of ideas at one point and another, noting that "America is a happiness society even more than it is a freedom society" and proceeding through the adjusted man and so to neuroses and the cult of James Dean. Or start with the changing nature of the corporation and come to Joseph Duveen and Henry James.

It is now more than thirty years since Harold E. Stearns edited "Civilization in the United States"—the declaration of the expatriates. If there was a good word in it for any phenomenon peculiarly American, for any native enterprise, any accomplishment, I do not recall it. An intense dislike of whatever was in our vernacular inspired the symposiasts to sub-Menckenian invective. We

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THE NOVEL IN AMERICA: Some critics have complained that the American novelists have failed to do justice to the businessman in their portrayal of him. The complaint has a base, but it misses the main point, which is that the novel was never intended as an instrument of balanced appraisal. The novelists wrote as they did about businessmen not because they were infected with radical and Marxist heresies but because they were driven to be critical of the values of practicality and power which the culture sought to impose on them. By challenging the gods of their culture they tried to find the measure of their own personalities. . . .

In this sense the American novelists play the role of keepers of the social conscience. In exploring personality and telling how people have tried to find their bearings, they practice "philosophy teaching by example." To shopgirls and stenographers devouring the novel-of-the-month on subways and at lunch hour, to the young wife consuming novels while her husband is at the office, to the college student getting an initiation into society through a paperback reprint of a classic, the novel—good or bad—is a form of popular psychology teaching by example. The psychology it uses is not necessarily good. It reflects the tensions and splits of society, and too often it expresses the poverty of philosophy and absence of depth it is meant to remedy. Which only means that the novel is the art form of an open society at its best and worst. —*"America as a Civilization," by Max Lerner (Simon & Schuster).*

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couldn't make movies as good as the European ones and we couldn't make love as well as the Europeans and all we did was make money. We couldn't even have fun. ("Do Oaxaca and Tepoztlan really have more fun than Middletown? I think they do."—Stuart Chase.)

The contrast in the titles of these two books is illuminating. One was about the thing called civilization as it appeared in the United States, the other is America considered as a civilization—not as civilization, but as one of many, different from the others, inferior in some respects, grand and above all hopeful in many. The great depression, another world war, and all the miseries stemming from it, separate the two books and make clear, I think, the situation of the American liberal intellectual at the present time. Much of what the angry men of the 1920s were saying was true and some of what Mr. Lerner is saying justifiably rephrases what they said. But the frame of mind is different.

The coteries of contempt and the enthusiasts for the Soviet Union have both been swept away by the force of events. The attitude of amused indifference isn't smart any more and there is no place to hide—from the fallout of an H-bomb or the fallout of ten thousand movies and TV-programs. We have to understand our civilization in order to lay our hands on it—to direct it. This book is Mr. Lerner's contribution—to bring our civilization into manageable shape.

The one thing I do not find in this book is a proper term to describe Mr. Lerner's political philosophy. This is important only as a clue to the workings of his mind. In the 1920s his kind of mind would have been called liberal, but the word has fallen on evil days—the radicals have taken away its overtone of courage and the conservatives have absorbed the economic doctrines of liberalism without the warmth and passion of the reformer. But the pages on liberal thought in politics are more sympathetic than those on any other approach and, I suppose, Mr. Lerner would not mind being called a Jeffersonian Democrat.

There is a vast amount of information in this book, there are recapitulations of "what everybody knows," there are ideas which sometimes seem commonplace—but as I said at the beginning, it is the placing of facts and knowledge and ideas in relation to one another that makes the book significant. For all I know, it may be more than that. Some 200 years ago Denis Diderot compiled an encyclopedia—and started the French Revolution.

FICTION

Eight from Britain

The many American aficionados *of the English novel have hours of pleasure in store in the next few weeks. On this and the following pages are reviewed new works of six women and two men who see life through British eyes. Six already have loyal followings: Angus Wilson, Storm Jameson, G. B. Stern, Monica Baldwin, Angela Thirkell, and Norah Lofts. Two are newcomers worth watching: Olivia Manning, "A Different Face," and Anthony Glyn, "Pemberton Ltd.".*

***"A Different Face," by Olivia Manning** (Abelard-Schuman. 220 pp. $3.50), tells what Hugo Fletcher found when he returned to a cold English resort town after a dozen years' absence.*

By Walter Havighurst

THE scene of Olivia Manning's tightly-plotted novel, "A Different Face," is a resort town on the English Channel. Even in the winter season, as it is here presented, such a scene must offer to most of its visitors a different face than it showed to Hugo Fletcher, returning after twelve years away. To him it is "this murderous city." He sees it with memories of his angry adolescence, of his frustrated young manhood, and of the injustice which drove him away. These memories, more than its bomb damage and its postwar shabbiness and exhaustion, color the town for Hugo Fletcher. The story tells of the return of a native to a town that is repellent and hostile.

Hugo Fletcher has been in Egypt, whose space and sunlight are wholly different from the harsh winds of Coldmouth and its tight-wrapped people. What has brought him back is his desire to enjoy a status which was denied him in his youth and to confront a certain girl, who will now be a discerning woman, with a confidence that he did not formerly possess.

—*Clayton Evans.*

Olivia Manning—"uses the past."

There are two landmarks in Coldmouth—the Ridley Preparatory School and the big Webley house on the cliffs. In the school Hugo expects to enjoy a teacher's authority, and in the house he hopes to find the girl who turned away from him in years past.

But he finds the school in financial ruin and the house abandoned. This sense of ruin is the key to Coldmouth. In his new associations at the Ridley School he finds a ruined marriage, its meaningless bonds linking a bitter, defeated man to his dissatisfied wife. To add to the picture of ruin the novel reveals a strain of homosexuality which has brought disaster to the school and to the life of its headmaster.

More interesting than its thinly drawn characters is the novel's use of the past as a pervading element in personal experience. Coldmouth is haunted by all of Hugo's past—his misery in the Whittaker Road School, the unhappy life of his parents before his mother was killed in an air raid and his father, a retired Navy man, was left to brood alone, his boyhood restlessness that was echoed by the restless channel waters. Despite the changes of war and of a social revolution, the Coldmouth to which he returns is still unaltered from the Coldmouth of his joyless memories. On the winter evening of his return, as he first stepped onto the long seawalk, he was met by the same harsh wind that had chilled his boyhood.

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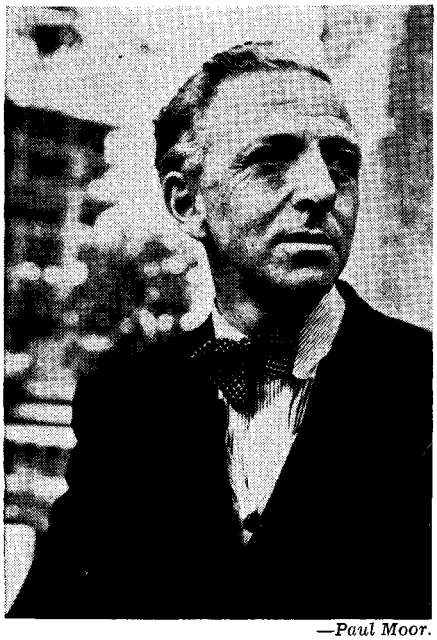

—*Paul Moor.*

Angus Wilson—"Keats and cretinism."

London "Crowd"

"A Bit Off the Map and Other Stories," by Angus Wilson *(Viking. 193 pp. $3.50), is a collection of tales about modern young Britons caught in situations that are reminiscent of those favored by Henry Fielding.*

By William Peden

"WHO says I'm not interested in the Truth? That's what I'm searching for, see." Thus wails Kenny, psychopath and erstwhile "Teddy Boy," at the climax of the title story of Angus Wilson's brilliant new collection of short fiction, "A Bit off the Map and Other Stories." A combination of "Keats and cretinism," Kenny is simultaneously perhaps the most sickening and most pathetic character in Mr. Wilson's private chamber of horrors first unveiled a few years ago in "The Wrong Set."

A fantastic young man in zebra-wave sweater, tight blue jeans, and studded belt, Kenny comes to London as a refugee from an unhappy and unwholesome past. Here he is taken up by "The Crowd," a moth-eaten group of youthful English intellectuals—young men with strong faces but weak chins, and amorous young women from the provinces who pursue Art with bulldoggish determination. Around Kenny's efforts to find in The Crowd the answer to his unsolvable problems, Mr. Wilson has written one of his most memorable stories.

Similarly with the remaining longer stories. Mr. Wilson has always been at his best in depicting a kind of ragtag and bob-tail artistic existence in today's London; the success of "More Friend than Lover" reminds the reader of Fielding's dictum that the only "source of the . . . Ridiculous is affectation." This story of Rodney Galt's love affair with his publisher's wife underscores the fact that the comic spirit is perhaps the indispensable element of any fiction writer's makeup. When Angus Wilson finishes off Rodney Galt, the "snob-patrician on a colossal scale" is really finished off—nothing is left but a cadaver. The same is true of "After the Show," a remarkably effective characterization of a young intellectual who becomes involved with his uncle's mistress. Comic, cruel, and ironic, Wilson creates his world with a power and insight reminiscent of Fielding, without, however, Fielding's affection.

Mr. Wilson's shorter stories are no less meaningful but they are certainly less entertaining than the longer ones. "A Flat Country Christmas," with its joyless portrayal of life in the welfare state among the self-conscious and the disturbed, may in later years be valued as a social document in the same way that a story like Joyce's "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" is valued today. As fiction, however, it is perhaps too real, too uncompromising, to be read with anything less than a shudder.

In such stories, Mr. Wilson seems deliberately to shun the swift pace and the narrative excitement of his earlier pieces; instead he concentrates his very great talents on an unerring and often painful analysis of an essentially meaningless world. This reader wishes for some leavening humor to counterbalance the grim, sad reality which Mr. Wilson creates with such undeniable authority.

LONDON "ACADEMIA": Storm Jameson's new novel **"A Cup of Tea for Mr. Thorgill"** (Harper, $3.50) is about an Oxford college. Its characters are mostly college people with a few East-End Londoners thrown in, and it concerns the infiltration of Communism into a group of outwardly "nice people." It is a shrill book, a febrile book, lacking a single sympathetic character, lacking a point of view, lacking also that variation in dialogue which permits character A to talk uniquely like character A and not like the rest of the alphabet. All of its *dramatis personae* are neurotic, defeated, hypocritical, or hopeless. Some commit suicide. Some want to. Some are raped. Others want to be, or so I infer. No one, not Gurney, through whose eyes much (but not all) of the story is seen, but has an eye on the main chance, and the main chance means, among other things, fending other people off.

Miss Jameson seems to me to have combined two stereotypes in this novel and thus to have accumulated the defects of both: the theme of the Betrayal of Communism and the theme of the Hypocrisy of the Academics. The difficulty of the Betrayal of Communism theme is that anything goes. Conspiracy, double-talk, murder, mysterious assignments on mysterious missions, deep-eyed villainy, physical cruelty, a Master Mind "using" another person for dirty ends —all these are tacitly admitted into the plot because Communists are like that. But as Aristotle long since pointed out, possibility and probabil-

Pacific 101: Jacaranda

By Rosalind Levine

NORTHWARD the shoreline changes. Color falls
Swifter than leaves. The earth's true light appears.
And air more comfortably vague casts off,
Jewel by jewel, a hoarding of mirages.
Where Santa Barbara hesitates between

The palm tree and the cypress, stubborn hands
Have painted the roofs near the Miramar Hotel
Tropical blue to match the jacaranda.
Close as a gossip the tree leans and whispers
Its hair across the cottage sills. I have known

For a long time the blue of jacaranda,
The hush and windfall of the jacaranda
That covers August earth. And when it dries,
Its pods tick wooden as a castanet
Against the fingering leaves, or, in deep courts,
Tap out the small fiestas of the heart.

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ity are two separate categories. The conspiratorial escape-hatch is altogether too handy a means for getting a shilling-shocker effect. Melodrama of the Bulwer-Lytton-Mrs. Radcliffe kind reenters fiction as character, style, subtlety, and care for scene go out the window. And the Hypocrisy of the Academics theme is with rare exceptions so stereotyped as to produce nothing but predictable gambits, like mystery fiction. There is the smug central character who has arrived. There is the group around him struggling for place. There is the young man, usually radical, desperately striving for footing on the college ladder and "hurt" by hypocrisy about him. There is the brilliant, ambivalent college professor's wife, swinging between sex and sarcasm. There is the neurotic female, commonly unmarried, as here. When the plot winds up, everything is exposed with a capital E, and the college, like certain ladies of the Victorian world, is proved to be no better than she should be. But is it not time for somebody to write a novel less sensational and silly than this?

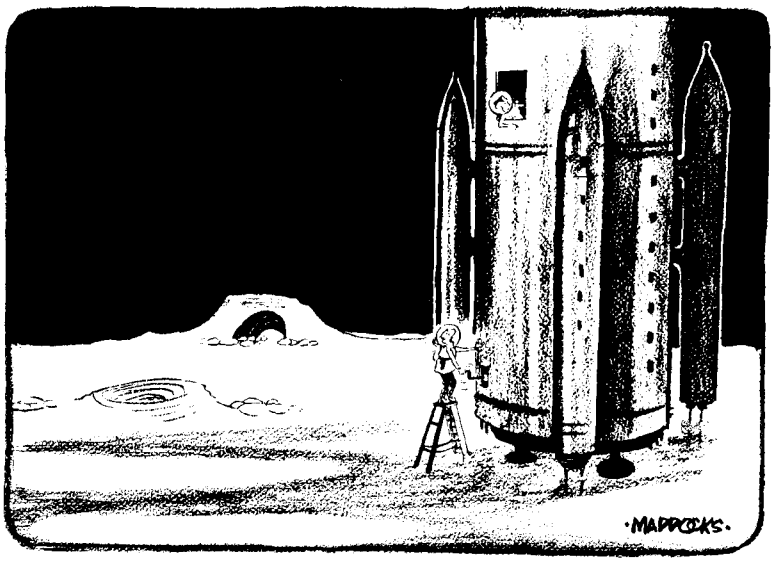
—Howard Mumford Jones.

THE FRUITS OF FORGIVENESS: It seems a little unfair of G. B. Stern to let her famous wit take the play away from the serious theme of her story, but that's what she comes close to doing in her vital and provocative new novel. **"Seventy Times Seven"** (Macmillan, $3.50), as the biblical title indicates, deals with forgiveness. What needs to be forgiven is the wounding unkindness of thoughtless word and careless deed. At forty-nine, the widowed Janice Arndt discovers that, in underplaying the tough moment, understating the painful emotion, and equating the quip with the stiff upper lip, she has unwittingly been harming her friends or wounding them.

But what had she done to her old friend Raff? "You once did something to me so cruel that I can never forgive you." Sick over the revelation, Janice searches her conscience and probes old motivations. The trail leads back to her school days and to Laurel, now for years dead. Janice had once rescued Laurel from a pack of schoolgirl tormentors and won the girl's worshipful friendship. But in later life, Janice now realizes, she had dismissed Laurel's distress signals as self-dramatization. Had she taken Laurel's last telephone plea seriously, she might have saved her from ultimate tragedy. And Laurel did not forgive. As for Raff, it was he who ran down the real origin of his suffering. Through ironical misunderstanding, he had been subjected to cruel public humiliation, but he forgave Janice. That he had no need to, made his chivalry all the more splendid.

As she guides her essentially gallant heroine through the labyrinthine ways of mind and memory, Miss Stern brightens the path with thistledown badinage and piquant little surprises. The characters in her psychological detective story are wonderfully Sternesque, finely tempered, and warmly human. Sir Bernard, Janice's theatrical old father, is a prize in himself. It's all delightfully entertaining, but what Miss Stern really intends to have us carry away is the thought that forgiveness is a doubly ennobling thing, healing and blessing him that gives and him that takes.

—Anne F. Wolfe.



"Try it with the choke right out, and your foot hard on the accelerator!"

WHAT CAN POOR URSULA DO? The heroine of Monica Baldwin's **"The Called and the Chosen"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.95), is Ursula Auberon, an English girl not yet twenty whose aunt has dedicated her to an enclosed convent. Aunt Sarah had become a Catholic and, with the girl's father's permission, has brought Ursula up as a Catholic, too, raising her in the hope that when the child grows she will give the Auberon house, named Stokesey, back to the Church. In Henry VIII's reign Stokesey had been a Benedictine monastery which was given by the king to an Auberon for services rendered. Poor Ursula thus becomes Aunt Sarah's peace offering to God, her scapegoat for the Auberon family, and naturally Ursula, with whom a dark, handsome young neighboring peer has fallen in love at her eighteenth birthday ball, is utterly miserable in her convent. Then, too, after Ursula's departure to the convent Aunt Sarah rents Stokesey to some rich people with a daughter named Isabel and, of course, Isabel falls in love with Ursula's Lord Lutterell and marries him. Just to turn the knife good and proper in Ursula's heart, the young couple honeymoons near Ursula's convent and, seeing them, Ursula knows that "theirs, and not yours, is the way of life that you were meant for."

But now Ursula is twenty-six, Lutterell is married to another, and the dying Aunt Sarah has left Stokesey to the convent nuns. What can poor Ursula do? She can—and does—suffer, and she relates her suffering in admirable language; she sees others for whom the convent is the real life and she describes them excellently. The convent's move to Stokesey and the ridiculous unsuitability of a baroque English country house full of bawdy Rubenesque ceilings and erotic cupids are well brought out. Finally Ursula breaks free and exchanges a nun's life for a spinster's, the latter the lonelier.

Miss Baldwin, whose autobiography about her leaving of a contemplative convent was a best seller a few years ago under the title of "I Leap Over the Wall," writes exceedingly well. She can present the externals and suggest the internals—and the eternals, too—of the cloistered life. But she does so without any personal realization of what a vocation to the religious life is. The real question is not whether Ursula had a vocation (for nobody ever more obviously had not) but whether any of her superiors had. Surely, instead of voicing half-phrases such as "My dear, I sometimes wonder whether—" or lifting their eye-

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Segregation: Three Important New Books Discuss Its Past and Future

1. The Legal Background

"Desegregation and the Law," by Albert P. Blaustein and C. C. Ferguson, Jr. *(Rutgers University Press. 333 pp. $5), is a study of the steps that led up to the historic decision of the Supreme Court on May 17, 1954. It is reviewed by Professor Philip Lee Ralph of Lake Erie College.*

By PHILIP LEE RALPH

THE Supreme Court's decision of May 17, 1954, was historic in more than the ordinary sense of the term. Striking down the legal basis of segregation in the public schools, the decision called for a transformation in the educational pattern of the United States, marked a climax in the enlargement of the Court's role as the guardian of civil liberties, and opened the floodgates of controversy. But, far from representing a sudden inspiration on the part of the Court, this decision was the logical culmination of concepts which had long been maturing in the minds of the Justices and also the logical reflection of discernible changes in American institutions and public opinion.

Now, in "Desegregation and the Law," Albert P. Blaustein and C. C. Ferguson, Jr., two Rutgers University Law School professors have traced with meticulous care the reasoning and the steps leading up to the momentous decisions of 1954 and 1955. By this means they have brought one of the most controversial issues of the decade into clearer perspective.

Among the major organs of government, the Supreme Court is probably the least perfectly understood by the majority of Americans. Its power to nullify the act of a state legislature or an act of Congress makes it "the most powerful judicial body in the history of man." It is scrupulously bound by the precepts of the Constitution, but it has the final say as to what the Constitution means. The Court has been revered as the repository of superhuman wisdom; yet the "nine men" have also been attacked as meddlers, usurpers of authority, or a millstone around the neck of progress. The Court's personnel is recruited from fallible human beings: lawyers, judges, sometimes ex-politicians. The Justices have not been guiltless of dilatory action and evasion. They have split hairs, indulged in *obiter dicta,* and occasionally uttered opinions which with the aid of hindsight seem ludicrously wide of the mark (as, for example, when Justice Miller in 1873 declared it very doubtful that the Fourteenth Amendment would ever be construed in any other way than to prevent discrimination against Negroes). But on the whole the Court has proved invaluable in the gradual resolution of crises. Although, as the authors point out, government by law rather than by men is an impossible ideal, the Court has unceasingly sought to keep legislative enactments within the framework of basic law while recognizing that the framework itself may change. And there is comfort in the author's demonstration of the latitude available within the law for advancing human and humane objectives.

Considerable argument, with overtones of approval and denunciation, has been directed at the question as to how much the Court was influenced by sociological scientific theories in reaching its conclusions on segregation. The same question is pertinent to many other crucial decisions in the Court's history. Cases are not argued or judicial opinions rendered in a legal vacuum without regard to prevailing convictions and sentiments. A strenuous responsibility rests upon the Justices because they must remain immune to demagogic pressure or the whims of the moment while, at the same time, taking account of changing situations which necessitate new approaches to problems.

IT HAS been precisely when the Court disregarded these changing situations that it has come closest to failure, as in the Dred Scott decision of 1857 and the strict-constructionist decrees of the 1930s. The *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* decision of 1896 which enunciated the famous "separate but equal" doctrine, long the rallying point of segregationists, actually embodied extralegal judgments, namely that transportation and education are "social" as distinct from "political" rights and that enforced segregation in public transportation does not imply the inferiority of one race. While admitting the importance of the testimony of experts in the 1954 cases, the authors do not believe this testimony was the decisive factor in the Court's decision. They show that "a long line of judicial utterances," beginning in 1941, had prepared the way for the invalidation of all classifications based on race.

—Wide World.

Central High School, Little Rock, September 25, 1957—Nine Negro students were escorted to school by the 101st Airborne Division

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The 1954 decision contained several remarkable features. It recognized the greatly enhanced importance of education in modern American society. While invoking the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, it acknowledged an enlargement of the concept of equality. Unanimously and unequivocally the Court "declared that all classification by race is unconstitutional *per se*," affirming in substance the dissenting opinion of Justice Harlan in 1896, that "our Constitution is color-blind." And in rendering judgment, after months of deliberation, the Court exercised its highest function, that of a rule-making body. The Supreme Court "made new law on May 17, 1954." The decision was "radical," though not highhanded—"the symbol of the social revolution which marks mid-twentieth-century America."

Another remarkable aspect of the Court's action against segregation was that it provided no immediate remedy, but, in a separate decision on May 31, 1955, charged the lower Federal courts with the task of implementation. It opened the way for local boards of education to take the initiative, under the supervision of the lower courts, whose duty it is to see that "an effective gradual adjustment" is made "with all deliberate speed." Undoubtedly the Supreme Court's policy was both reasonable and practicable, but the specific steps to be taken in a given locality wait upon court prescription or approval, and some Federal district judges have fumbled their responsibility. The authors assert that the district courts could readily employ a type of decision which would make it "legally unprofitable for school boards to delay action."

Blaustein and Ferguson are optimistic regarding the ultimate consequences of the decisions. They are fully aware of the various strategems, evasions, and delaying tactics employed in the South, but they believe it will be impossible to reverse the forward trend. Citing "a score and more of judicial decisions" within the period 1954-1956 which have cut a wide swath in the areas of transportation, housing, parks, and recreation, they forsee not only the equalization of school facilities—private as well as public—but "the end of racial discrimination by law in the United States." And they predict that, in spite of incidents of violence, the battle will be fought, and won, in the courtroom.

This is not a sensational book. The authors quote very sparingly from the lurid utterances of such racists as

(*Continued on page* 32)

The Past: George Washington Carver shown in his laboratory.

—*Wide World.*

The Present: Autherine Lucy and NAACP Executive Secretary Ray Wilkins.

Since the Court Decision . . .

• THE THREE-YEAR PERIOD following the Court's 1954 decision saw a phenomenal growth of groups organized for the primary purpose of maintaining segregation. Some fifty have been in existence at one time or another. Their claimed membership, running into the hundreds of thousands, far outstrips their opposition. And it ranges from prominent politicians and "solid" business and professional leaders in certain groups to what some segregationists themselves condemn as rabblerousers, publicity seekers, and fastbuck boys who never had it so good before, what with selling five-dollar memberships and keeping their books to themselves.

• . . . The principal of a high school in St. Louis reported that the second year of integration, when Negro numbers had risen to about half the total enrollment, proved easier and smoother than the first, when whites had outnumbered Negroes two to one. . . . Teachers said the tensions accompanying a novel situation in the first year had almost disappeared in the second, so that students of both races worked alongside each other more relaxed, more matter-of-fact, more unselfconscious.

• A survey of [the eight most segregationist states in the South] over the three-year period following the Supreme Court decision discloses several factual developments which, more or less—and perhaps more than less—characterize the eight states: In every state of [this] region there was a far stronger pattern of legislation aimed at preserving racial segregation than there was in 1954, although the new pattern generally avoided any outward appearance of being based on race; in no state had there been admitted a Negro student to a public school on the elementary or secondary levels; and throughout the region there was a core of resistance which surpassed that in existence in 1954.

• College desegregation has not been followed by the regional blood-letting and unrestrained violence which some predicted would take place. But it must be noted that in the only instance in which a Negro entered a white university in one of the holdout states in which opposition to integration is most intense, stark violence erupted and a woman came very close to losing her life. This was the Autherine Lucy case.

• During a lull in the storm at Clinton, Tennessee, where court-ordered desegregation stirred a national as well as a community tempest, a team of sociologists interviewed a sampling of Anderson Countians about the incident. The interviewers received some unexpected responses to their questions. A number of those interviewed had never heard of the U. S. Supreme Court decision against school segregation. And a few of these had never heard of the Supreme Court itself. —*"With All Deliberate Speed"* (*Harper*).

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The Saturday Review

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A Declaration of Interdependence

Editor's Note: *Ever since the end of World War II, this page has been concerned with the need for a universal design for world peace. In the following editorial, Elmo Roper,* SR *editor-at-large, advocates a design for the Free World.*

ONCE again we have heard a bold Proclamation from High Places of the critical need of the countries of the free world for each other. After last month's talks between President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Macmillan, a "declaration of common purpose" was issued that included these brave words:

". . . The concept of national self-sufficiency is now out of date. The countries of the free world are interdependent, and only in genuine partnership, by combining their resources and sharing tasks in many fields, can progress and safety be found. For our part, we have agreed that our two countries will henceforth act in accordance with this principle."

It is a noble principle. In fact, the concept of interdependence, properly applied, may yet be able to save us and the world we know from destruction and chaos. The concept of national self-sufficiency, which has been out of date for some time now, could diffuse the power of the non-Communist world so that it might buckle under a bold Communist blow.

Over and over our leaders have urged the necessity for "close cooperation" among the free nations. Over and over our "interdependence" has been emphasized. The fault is not in the sentiment but in the lack of action to back it up. Too often in the past "close cooperation" has amounted to no more than "keeping the others informed." This is not just because of the unwillingness of policymakers to share their functions with their opposite numbers in other countries. The reason lies far deeper. It lies in the way our governmental process is set up. We simply do not now have the mechanisms for genuine collective policy, so we are forced to resort to improvisation, to emergency meetings and agreements which lack enduring force.

The big question, then, is not whether we are "for" or "against" interdependence of the free nations any more than it is whether we are for or against survival. True, some arguments for national self-sufficiency are still heard, but they are proposed with less and less conviction. Like it or not, we are deeply involved with the rest of the world, and few see much hope of returning to a charmed isolation.

The central question is how we are to go about implementing this interdependence which everyone in high places knows confronts us. We must find now ways to establish close, lasting ties between the people of our country and the people of the other free nations. Treaties, alliances, pacts—all the old ways—have clearly shown their inadequacy, most dramatically a year ago when common policymaking between us and our main allies failed, information channels froze, and the result was the Suez fiasco—for which we probably will still have to pay.

I suggest that the best people to find these new ways are not the professional diplomats, whose training is in the niceties of power relations, who are responsible to their governments and to policies and forms already established. If a new solution is to be found, it is most likely to be discovered by free and unfettered minds, operating without restrictions or commitments to established positions and policies. I suggest that the best approach to this problem is to call a citizens' convention, where the best minds in our country, with the aid of political, sociological, economic, and financial experts can meet with the best minds of those democracies with whom we will inevitably share a common fate and together work out what seems to be the best way of securing close and continuing cooperation among the democracies. This group should include all shades of representative opinion on this subject and be strictly bipartisan—and strictly "top drawer." They should be as close as we can find to the Jeffersons, Madisons, and Hamiltons of an earlier critical period in our history.

For some time we have been attempting to work together in the military sphere and the results of our efforts have been less than spectacular. With all our vast wealth and know-how, the West has been caught short by decidedly spectacular Russian advances that have brought new wonder and anxiety to our contemplation of outer and intermediate space. The Eisenhower-Macmillan statement emphasized that military security must today be collective, that "It is not within the capacity of each nation acting alone to make itself fully secure."

BUT the statement did not stop at the military sphere. It went on to say that "our collective security efforts must be supported and reinforced by cooperative economic action," and expressed gratification at the developing of a European free-trade area. Military coordination alone cannot bring our potential strength to its full capacity. In so many areas, wealth and efficiency are cut down by artificial and unnecessary barriers.

Many of these barriers can probably be eliminated, or at least lowered. Such a conference would have many problems to consider. A common currency, for example, among all the Atlantic countries, would greatly speed the flow of trade. But is this something we can have now or must we work toward it gradually? Loosening or eliminating immigration regulations would let labor flow where it is needed as well as bringing the countries of the West spiritually and culturally closer. But what would be

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. MOSES OBJECTS

MY ATTENTION HAS been called to an excited piece by Mr. Gilbert Seldes entitled "The Climate of Fear" (*SR* Oct. 26). Mr. Seldes proceeds on the curious assumption that as to any project of a public or quasi-public nature those who are supporting it at considerable sacrifice should be required to appear by command on any radio or television program which wants them and on any old basis, so long as it's a free-for-all rhubarb with no Marquis of Queensberry rules and no holds barred. The slightest reflection should indicate the absurdity of this thesis and, in any event, its inapplicability in the case of the scheduled Lincoln Square television broadcast.

Mr. Seldes apparently doesn't know what constitutes a public tribunal in such matters. He should know that projects of this sort are considered at public hearings at which opponents are given the widest and most extraordinary latitude. Lincoln Square has been before the City Planning and administrative agencies repeatedly. The final hearing before the City Planning Commission consumed many hours. At the last Board of Estimate hearing the sponsors were allowed a little over an hour-and-a-half and opponents went on for some fourteen hours ending after 2 A.M. You may call this a circus or a marathon, but hardly a denial of open discussion.

In the case of Bill Leonard's program, arrangements, apparently satisfactory to all immediately concerned (sponsors, commentator, station, etc.), were made well in advance to enable those who are to build Lincoln Square to explain why they were interested, what was hoped to be accomplished for education, opera, music, and the other performing arts, housing, and parks, not to speak of Slum Clearance. The questions agreed upon were to facilitate a short, simple presentation of this picture. Mr. John D. Rockefeller III, as head of the Performing Arts, which has to raise some $70,000,000 in private contributions; Rev. Laurence McGinley, as head of Fordham University; Mr. Zeckendorf, representing the housing sponsors; Mr. Wallace Harrison, the architect, and others were to appear.

At the very last moment an entirely different set of questions, deliberately calculated to stimulate controversy and bad feeling, and particularly aimed at gratuitous fanning of the flames of bigotry by playing up a so-called constitutional issue involving the Catholic Church, was substituted by one of Mr. Leonard's assistants. I was the only person notified, and after talking to the others on the telephone we called the whole thing off. After many months of intensive work, those interested in Lincoln Square want constructive action, not senseless, jazzed-up, stimulated controversy.

Mr. Leonard couldn't explain what happened, offered to withdraw offensive questions, etc., and apparently he still wants to make peace for this breach of good manners, not to speak of good faith.

There is no issue of freedom of the air here, and no climate of fear—just a matter of decency and of inducement to fine, unselfish, generous citizens to act, contribute, and make sacrifices for a very good cause in the public interest.

ROBERT MOSES, *Chairman,*
Committee on Slum Clearance.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Seldes replies: "Mr. Moses's attention-callers are not on the job. It was* The New York Times, *not I, who said that Mr. Moses 'refused to make a scheduled appearance on a television discussion program yesterday because the script was unfriendly.' Mr. Moses had ample time to correct this, if it was inaccurate. His quarrel is with* The New York Times, *not with me. I made no assumptions, curious or otherwise, beyond the generally accepted one that* The New York Times *is a reputable newspaper. Its undisputed report indicated that some invasion of the freedom of the air had occurred and on this subject, I am afraid, I shall continue to write excited pieces. Mr. Moses says the issue does not arise in this case. He points out that public hearings on Lincoln Square had been held and that he and his distinguished colleagues support the project at considerable sacrifice. I do not see the relevance of either statement to the basic question, which is how discussion should be managed on a discussion program which, like Bill Leonard's, has a reputation for exploring its subject matter fully. This is a matter of broadcasting ethics which I shall discuss in my regular space and not in the disputatious atmosphere created by Mr. Moses and CBS. As to the sudden substitution of new questions, CBS informs me that Mr. Leonard's program has always maintained complete control of questions with the right to alter them right up to air time. Questions suggested by participants are taken as starting points for Mr. Leonard and his staff, not as exclusive of others. This practice was presumably not known to Mr. Moses at the time he agreed to go on the air."*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And so you want to be admired as a brave hunter, but at the same time you're afraid of tigers. That's why your stomach hurts."

ASSAULTS ON TRUTH

IN THE DEBATE on outdoor advertising (*SR* Nov. 9) Harley B. Markham asks the question: "What's the shouting about?" Well, the legitimacy and usefulness of advertising, for one thing, is open to question. Pious protestations such as, "We only display outdoor advertising which is truthful in every respect" are, in fact, almost as distasteful as the methods of the late George Washington Hill.

Drive twenty miles in any direction, from any point, and you will view a sizable number of refutations of that claim to truthfulness. Better still, listen to the radio for half-an-hour in the morning and hear even more assaults on truth.

D. L. POLACHEK.
Yellow Springs, O.

NO ROOM FOR GENEROSITY

MARKHAM HAS cooked his goose. If he had not put his argument down in writing, I would have given him the benefit of a doubt, but as it is he leaves me no room for such generosity.

KENNETH MOBERG.
Philadelphia, Pa.

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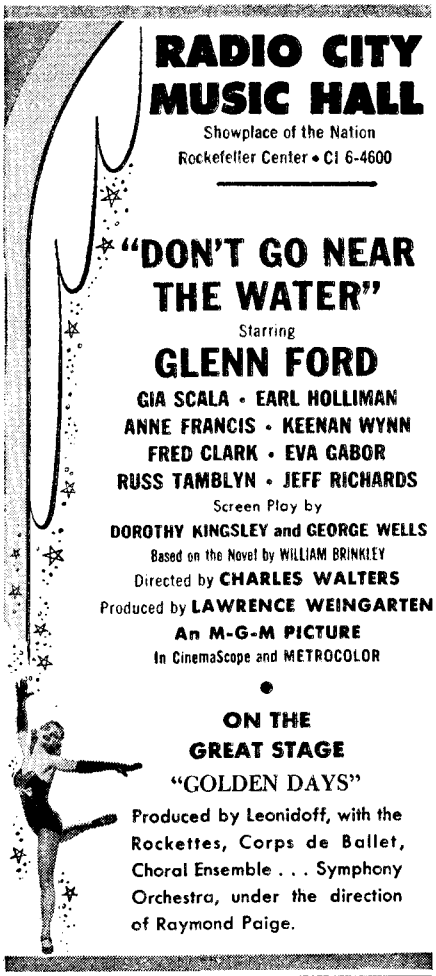
RADIO CITY
MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • CI 6-4600
"DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER"
Starring
GLENN FORD
GIA SCALA • EARL HOLLIMAN
ANNE FRANCIS • KEENAN WYNN
FRED CLARK • EVA GABOR
RUSS TAMBLYN • JEFF RICHARDS
Screen Play by
DOROTHY KINGSLEY and GEORGE WELLS
Based on the Novel by WILLIAM BRINKLEY
Directed by CHARLES WALTERS
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN
An M-G-M PICTURE
In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR
ON THE
GREAT STAGE
"GOLDEN DAYS"
Produced by Leonidoff, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

MAKE THE WORLD YOUR OWN BACK YARD

Saturday Review's January 11th Issue

will give you:

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B. World Travel Photo Prize Winners

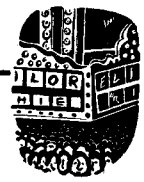
Also, it will tell you:

What's new in travel for 1958;

What's going on each day next year in more than 50 countries that you and other travellers must not miss.

Illustrated by prize-winning pictures taken as *SR* readers have been circling the globe.

DON'T MISS JANUARY 11TH TRAVEL ISSUE



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Jocularities: Domestic and Imported

THOSE reliable targets for humorous assault, our Army and Navy, have been set up again for two new pictures. M-G-M's **"Don't Go Near the Water"** takes a jaundiced view of the operations of the Navy's public-relations program in World War II, while Columbia's **"Operation Madball"** raises some doubts about the efficiency of the Army's Medical Corps following the same war. Both are in the tradition of whacky comedy, but of the two "Operation Madball" is clearly the more expert, perhaps because it keeps building remorselessly for laughs instead of taking substantial time-outs for romance, as the other does. Jed Harris (a strange name to pop up in these humorous circles) has put a nice package together for "Operation Madball." Ernie Kovacs was a first-rate choice, and an off-beat one, for the role of an embittered martinet and officer scourge of the medics, and it is probably due to his restrainedly maniacal playing that the picture is as funny and sometimes outright hilarious as it is.

Arthur Carter's screenplay (from his own unproduced stage play) offers Kovacs the best opportunity he has so far had to display his talents, and maybe the TV boys had better take a look at this movie to see what sort of material he ought to have on the smaller screen. The movie has also the easygoing skills of Jack Lemmon to recommend it, and the two of them make a fine team. Not that everything in the picture works. There are very few jokes, regardless of age, that anyone seems to have missed tossing into the pot. But there is also fresh stuff, most of it involving a party the beleaguered and downtrodden medics attempt to throw for their superior officers, the nurses. Using this as a basis, Mr. Kovacs and Mr. Lemmon proceed to kick the plot around, often helped very nicely by Mickey Rooney, Arthur O'Connell, and Kathy Grant. Things eventually get out of hand, in every sense of the word, by which I mean that broad humor turns into wildness, if not utter insanity, but inherently the picture still remains about the funniest Hollywood job of the year.

"Don't Go Near the Water" has its moments too, but not nearly enough of them to make one feel one has been entirely diverted. Glenn Ford is pleasingly inefficient as a public-relations officer marooned on a Pacific island with a superior officer madly convinced that paper, typewriters, and mimeo machines will avenge Pearl Harbor. The island seems barren indeed at first look, but M-G-M has a way of finding beauty in the most unpromising places. One of these beauties is Gia Scala, a good-looking girl with no ability whatsoever, an Italian accent, and a skin (darkened for the purposes of this picture) to make her look like some sort of half-caste. Another is Anne Francis, playing that perennial Navy nurse—the one who finds officers boring and enlisted men the cutest things on earth. When the boys are not courting the girls the movie perks up, reaches a peak, in fact, when the officers decide to build their own officer's club so as not to subvert the enlisted men's morale. It's old-time stuff, but the good kind—sight gags mostly. But the picture finally sinks for good when Eva Gabor shows up, playing a lady war correspondent with delusions that she is Jayne Mansfield. This is in the nature of compounding a felony.

* * *

From England comes a most pleasant movie called **"The Smallest Show on Earth,"** one that involves Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna, and Margaret Rutherford in the running of a superannuated cinema. Without giving the slightest appearance of straining for laughs, the movie manages to build several of them. It is the work of Frank Launder, Sidney Gilliat, and William Rose, who gave us "Genevieve," and they are once more on the right track. One can leave the theatre with the feeling that one has been amused, but not assaulted.

* * *

On the other hand, there is very little excuse for **"Please, Mr. Balzac"** except Brigitte Bardot, and there seems to be a critical movement afoot to allow her to be an excuse for anything. Here she is placed in the Balzac Museum under the delusion she is visiting her brother—but finally settles for a strip-tease contest, which she naturally wins. Some interesting camera angles reveal how this happens.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Haute Society

NOEL COWARD'S **"Nude With Violin"** turns out to be shamefully bare of the sophisticated wit that often makes his snobbishness worth enduring. In the Broadway production of this comedy, Mr. Coward himself assumes the role of the flagrantly unscrupulous butler and traveling companion whose master, a world-famous painter, has just passed away. The painter's work, like Picasso's, was divided into periods. There is the Farouche, the Circular, the Jamaican, and finally the Neo-Infantilist. But we soon learn that the painter detested the sycophantic and tasteless art appreciators, and had spent his life perpetrating a gigantic hoax. The paintings had not been painted by him, but by four other people.

Unfortunately, modern art has been the constant target of humorists for two decades, and it is hard to be terribly original in this field. Thus, Mr. Coward's jokes seem commonplace and borrowed. All that remains to hold our interest are two bizarre female characters, for whom he has written some effective short scenes, plus his personal oneupmanship as he confounds his "superiors."

As the two women, Luba Malina and Mona Washbourne give lively performances, and Morris Carnovsky makes a good deal of the bedeviled art expert, particularly when he blows his top in a last-act tirade. But at best, "Nude With Violin" is labored comedy. We can enjoy a man who poses as selfish, cruel, amoral, blasé, and irresponsible only if his challenge to the gauche, the self-important, the moralizing, or the cult-making is devastating. Mr. Coward's impulse to challenge is still recognizable, but his Bermuda period is as yet disappointingly undefined.

JEAN ANOUILH'S romantic comedy **"Leocadia"** (1939) makes delightful reading in French. And under the title of "Time Remembered," its published English adaptation by Patricia Moyes is reasonably faithful. Yet a fantastically lavish New York production only sporadically succeeds in bringing the play to life.

The script calls for Helen Hayes to portray a benevolent Duchess desperately concerned with keeping her melancholy nephew from pining away for his lost love. It also calls for Susan Strasberg to play a pretty little milliner, who falls in love with the nephew. But neither of these talented stars make us believe this vital core of the play.

Instead they play separately and tensely. Miss Hayes, forgetting that work is inimical to the make-up of an aristocrat, toils doggedly to put across the eccentric and whimsical highlights of the character. What she needs is to relax and leave the "style" to her costume. Miss Strasberg has a different problem. She goes through all of the correct motions but hardly ever achieves any of the correct emotions. For all her beauty and obvious intelligence, she is like a shallow pond in which a pebble hits bottom too quickly. Richard Burton as the sad young prince comes off the best of the three because he does exercise his potentiality for feeling. However, every minute of the way he must fight the fact that he is slightly miscast in the role. The one truly realized performance is Sig Arno as the head waiter. He is right, he is relaxed, he is real, he is funny.

Part of the blame for this unmoving production must be assumed by its director, Albert Marre, whose insistence on comic detail tends to turn the play into a transparent sham. And all the extravagant production elements, though beautiful in themselves, seem to invite us to regard "Time Remembered" as a fairytale spectacle in which M. Anouilh's words are no more necessary than they would be in a ballet.

M. ANOUILH once told this writer that his favorite contemporary French play was **"Clerambard,"** by Marcel Aymé. This satiric comedy has to do with a fanatic Count, and M. Aymé is out to show us that this fanaticism can overnight switch from a destructive channel to a constructive one. He is also out to demonstrate that Christianity and middle-class society are enemies.

The current production is a barely adequate presentation of this most interesting play. The amiable Claude Dauphin needs a bit more fire in his portrayal of the fanatic aristocrat. And Ira Cirker's direction fails to punctuate the action, with the result that the scenes seem merely to unroll in slow succession rather than evolve from and lead to one another. Alvin Epstein brings some life and humor into the part of the son, and Tammy Lee Grimes does a bright if not terribly convincing caricature of the prostitute.

—HENRY HEWES.

AN UNWONTED KIND OF MODESTY

forbids our quoting in its entirety the review of the world premiere in London of "The Bridge on the River Kwai":

"This is a bridge which I for one will never forget... one of the finest, most exciting and shattering films I have ever seen... The end is the most shattering 25 minutes of my film-going life... No, I shall never forget the bridge on the river Kwai, nor the great film which tells the story".

LEONARD MOSLEY
In London DAILY EXPRESS

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Week of Novelties—Bondeville, Webern, Stravinsky

IN the course of his second week as guest conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, Andre Cluytens not only introduced a new kind of novelty to his audience in Carnegie Hall, but also added a new category to others associated with his leadership function. The new kind of novelty was a demi-premiere of a "Symphonie Lyrique," by a French contemporary named Emmanuel Bondeville; *demi-premiere* because Cluytens omitted *sixty pages* from the printed score.

I hasten to add that the 250 or so which he chose to perform did not make one impatient for more (Bondeville is a composer-conductor presently in charge of the Grand Opéra, where Cluytens has employment while in Paris). However, in editing at such length a work for which he was also standing sponsor, Cluytens added to such other hyphenations as composer-conductor, conductor-pianist, composer-conductor-pianist the new one of conductor-critic. This assumption of duties properly assigned elsewhere is obviously a threat to all right-thinking critics. In the present instance they can only wonder why Cluytens thought a work so readily amenable to alteration was fit for the Philharmonic public in the first place.

In my judgment, it wasn't—and the orchestra seemed to feel as much in its lackadaisical performance. Otherwise, the values of the week fluctuated widely. Cluytens was at his best, unsuspectably, in a vigorous, almost racy (in the fast movements) playing of Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony, and a sympathetic version of Debussy's "La Damoiselle Elue," in which Bidu Sayao sang the soprano solo part with her flavorsome artistry. However, he contrived an aurally gray, ill-defined orchestral background for Franck's "Variations Symphoniques" and the Honegger "Concertino" in which Aldo Ciccolini was the piano soloist as replacement for Gyorgy Ciffra. Ciccolini has admirable pianistic equipment, but did not display much more interpretative acuteness than in the past.

The week's panorama of new music otherwise included first New York performances of Anton Webern's "Six Pieces" (conceived in 1910, revised in 1928) and Igor Stravinsky's "Canticum Sacrum" of 1955. The first was the product of another visit in what seems to be a developing, welcome pattern of annual concerts by the Pittsburgh Symphony under the direction of William Steinberg; the second was a byproduct of the always-welcome reappearances of the Boston Symphony under the direction of Charles Munch.

Whether by intent or otherwise, the Webern pieces were embodied in a discerning preachment on the subject of length in orchestral composition in which the other "texts" were Haydn's G major ("Surprise") Symphony No. 94, and Bruckner's C minor No. 8 (which might be called the "Non-Surprise"). As between the brevities of Webern and the longueurs of Bruckner, I put myself firmly, if retrogressively, on the side of the just-right Haydn.

Brevity as a condition of musical expression long antedates Webern; Chopin expressed some monumentally poignant thoughts in his preludes, and such other people as Chabrier, Brahms, and Satie investigated the epigrammatic possibilities of music at length, so to speak. It was Webern's conceit to organize the total resources of a symphony orchestra for the projection of a thought content divided into six statements totaling nine minutes. Shimmering sound, yes; evocative imagery, perhaps. But, largely speaking, shortness of breath rather than intensity of vision.

All the playing was greatly to Steinberg's credit, especially the suavity and refinement of his Haydn, by a cultivated string section which owes more than a little to Fritz Reiner's long harrowing of this soil. Steinberg is inclined to make a fetish of the automatic response to the insignificant gesture—always a sign of inordinate preparation—but the product was certainly worthy of admiration, at whatever length.

Performance tends to be taken for granted with the Boston ensemble, which is basically unfair, for it is no less difficult to sustain a high standard than to establish it. Munch and his men are now neatly hand in glove, enabling him to pursue a sequence of Mozart (G minor Symphony), Stravinsky, and Brahms (D minor concerto with Gary Grafmann as piano soloist) with no more visible effort than the addition of the needed players. In Grafmann's case, the player that was added at the piano was one of imposing technical resources and growing interpretive size. The values in this thewy work of the youthful Brahms are heavily overbalanced on the orchestral side, which means that the first challenge to the pianist is to be heard at all. Grafmann took this hazard successfully, and also added a good deal to one's esteem for his temperamental impulse and sensitivity for the Brahmsian essence.

Stravinsky's "Canticum sacrum" is a work surrounded by association and imagery with such worthy objects as St. Mark's in Venice, and a Biblical text. Disposing of such extraneous factors as the likeness of the five sections to the five domes of St. Mark's, the intrinsic musical content must be assessed as meager and unpalatable. The coloristic range impressed me as not merely ascetic but undernourished, the totality of writing for two solo male voices, choir, and reduced orchestra without profile. Donald Gramm, baritone, and Blake Stern, tenor, performed well enough to permit a fair opportunity for the work to make its effect: but evocation of historic sounds associated with St. Mark's hardly offsets the dry, rhetorical content of the music *per se*. Like many another work of contemporary origin, the intellectual frame is much more impressive than the music evolved to justify it.

THE much admired three-B production of "Don Giovanni" survived some drastic alterations of personnel in its third performance, attesting to the basic strength of the Metropolitan's present personnel for Mozart. The revolving repertory required the replacement of Cesare Siepi by George London, Roberta Peters by Laurel Hurley, and Cesare Valetti by Nicolai Gedda. Unforeseen circumstances subtracted Fernando Corena from his previous place as Leporello, with the young American baritone Ezio Flagelo called upon as an emergency substitute.

This left a heavy burden on the persisting personnel (Eleanor Steber as Donna Anna, Lisa della Casa as Elvira, Theodor Uppmann as Masetto, and Giorgio Tozzi as Il Commendatore) not to mention conductor Karl Böhm. The total result had a good deal of quality, if not all the qualities associated with the predecessor cast. London's Don is a more nervously intent, agitated fellow than Siepi, but he sings the music admirably, while imparting his own values to the "dramma giocoso." His makeup (facially) recalled some dim photos of such an illustrious predecessor as Victor Maurel, which is all to the good as long as he sings with his own live, vital sound. Gedda is a cultivated, resourceful singer with less vocal virtuosity for the solos than Valetti

(*Continued on page 72*)

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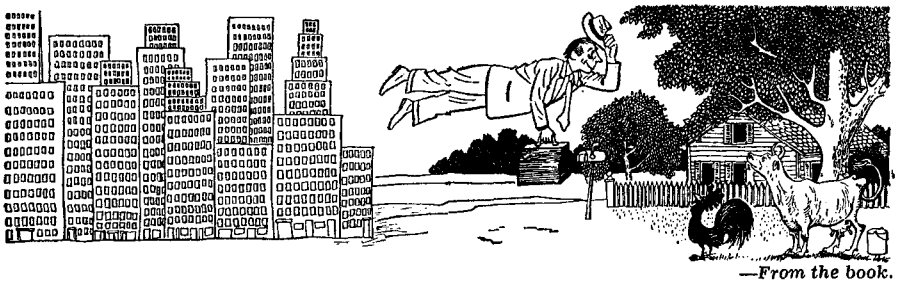

—From the book.

"What gets into writers when they move to the country?"

At Home in Westchester

"Please Don't Eat the Daisies," by Jean Kerr *(Doubleday. 192 pp. $3.50), is a collection of lighthearted essays about suburban living.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

THE first difficulty about reviewing Jean Kerr's "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" lies in keeping track of it long enough to write the review. The book arrives, looking irresistible in blue and yellow, with a photo of the attractive author on the cover, and you read it through in half an evening, handling it carefully because here at last is a review book that is going to make somebody a perfect Christmas present.

So far so good; but if you leave "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" around the living room on the theory that it is too decorative to be stashed away, female guests fall upon it avidly, protesting their intention of bringing it "*right* back—I'm a *very* fast reader," and if you fend off borrowers, the book tends to disappear with members of the family to distant bathrooms, entailing a brisk exchange of accusations before it can be located, looking used.

The second difficulty is subtler. To praise Mrs. Kerr's little opus as not only fresh and fetching but witty is to raise hopes that the book may not gratify. People are going to buy "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," laugh out loud on pages 9, 66, 141, and 169 to 176, read passages to captive audiences and still put it down saying, "Well, it was funny and all, but I didn't think it was *that* funny." Whatever wit may be in metaphor—a soufflé, cotton candy, a gas mantle glowing in a camper's cottage—lightness is its essence, and the reviewer who picks it up for purposes of analysis is likely to wind up with a damp fistful of nothing.

Doggedly picking up "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," one notes that Jean Kerr lives with her husband and their four small sons in an eccentric Westchester mansion equipped with gargoyles and a thirty-two bell carillon. Walter, the husband, writes dramatic criticism for a Manhattan newspaper and sometimes consults his wife when he is writing a review. "A hoarse shout will come over the partition, 'Hey, how do you spell desiccate?' But this is patently ridiculous. If I could spell desiccate I would long since have assumed my rightful place in the world of letters."

MRS. KERR writes, too—plays, funny essays on dogs and diets and the country life, and deadly little parodies like "Don Brown's Body" and "Toujours Tristesse," included in the present collection. Mostly, however, she copes: with her peculiar house, her indifferently domesticated husband, her supercharged kids. This is by now a familiar literary situation. Shirley Jackson and Phyllis McGinley have exploited it amusingly, and suburban housewifery is the stock in trade of a dozen lesser writers, but Jean Kerr gives it a wry, stylish touch of her own. When she was "younger and full of Dr. Spock" she used to make "the common mistake of trying to be 'fair' with the children. At the peak of every crisis I would summon the entire brood from the four corners of the television set and ask stern, equivocal questions like 'Who threw the calendar in the toilet?' Naturally, nobody did. Now I rely on blind instinct. After assessing the evidence and asking myself a few routine questions like who was in the bathroom last and who is sopping wet, I seize the probable culprit, give him a little whack and announce flatly, 'So, you threw the calendar in the toilet!' This undoubtedly leads to an occasional injustice, but you'd be surprised how it cuts down the plumbing bills."

The attitude of prosperous young parents toward their progeny seems to be to some extent a matter of fashion. In Regency England and for some years thereafter the fashion was to speak of one's children as little monsters, and mean it. Mrs. Edward Bulwer, the novelist's wife, was serenely sure "the secret of forming really estimable, lovable characters, is not to praise children for doing right, but to make them very much ashamed of doing wrong." Victorianism brought sentiment into parenthood, and science and psychology made us all determined to do right—or ashamed of doing wrong—by the infant and child in the culture of today. Maybe our general insecurity as parents is the nervous reflex that explodes into laughter at Jean Kerr's tough comment: "We are being very careful with our children. They'll never have to pay a psychiatrist twenty-five dollars an hour to find out why we rejected them. We'll tell them why we rejected them. Because they're impossible, that's why."

Toughness, in short, is back in fashion, but it is a fake toughness with a butterscotch center and we have no doubt that when Johnny plays the character lead in the nursery school production of "Frosty, the Snowman," wearing a costume his mother made from a sheet ("by giving up lunch, I whipped the whole thing up in less than a month"), the Kerrs will be there, two on the aisle, leading the applause.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 753

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 753 will be found in the next issue.

LSP FATU UELSHEU

BLNAT DPLN

LUEAPT.

—ANAPTLO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 752

The cistern contains: the fountain overflows.

—W. BLAKE.

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Thurber for Everyman

"Alarms and Diversions," by James Thurber *(Harper. 367 pp. $4.50), is a new collection of the work of a great American humorist. Sydney J. Harris, our reviewer, is a* Chicago Daily News *columnist with a new book, "Majority of One," to his credit.*

By Sydney J. Harris

THE trouble with being as good as James Thurber is that you always have to be at your best: your second-rate, even if superior to the first-rate of most other writers (as Thurber's assuredly is), leaves your adulators feeling a trifle let-down, if not actually betrayed. The home-run hitter is rarely cheered for a clean single.

"Alarms and Diversions," a new collection of Thurber's essays, stories, and drawings over the last twenty-five years (including ten pieces appearing in book form for the first time), is cause for only modified rapture among those of us who love him this side of idolatry.

We have the publisher's word for it, on the dust-jacket, that "James Thurber believes this book contains the best-balanced collection of his writings." If so, it is only further melancholy proof of that curious lack of judgment which seems to afflict writers when they survey their own handiwork.

"Balanced" the book certainly is—but who should require balance in a genius of Thurber's magnificently irrational sort? For the book includes not only the kind of things he does better than any other living man, but also too much of the kind of thing that lesser talents do equally well—and things which often are scarcely worth doing at all.

When he is anatomizing the English language, or engaging in the rueful self-mockery that makes neurosis respectable and almost attractive, or reminiscing with wistful charm about his family and friends in Columbus, Ohio—then Thurber is in a class by himself, and criticism by his inferiors becomes presumptuous.

But when (as in a disconcerting number of pieces in this latest *oeuvre*) he delves into the annals of crime to report some dreary murder of 1912, or delivers the stock humorous essay on "My Ten Rules for a Happy Marriage" (exhumed, appropriately enough, from *Cosmopolitan Magazine*), or entwines himself in lengthy and painful research on the Loch Ness Monster—then Thurber is grievously disappointing to those of us who ask (quite unreasonably, of course) that he stop bunting and start slugging.

For no monster off the coast of Scotland can be one-hundredth as fascinating as the queer creatures who inhabit Thurber's sub-aquaceous mind. Nor can any real-life murder be nearly so dramatic as his deft assassinations of our social cliches and our emotional hypocrisies. Thurber's great talent lies in his intuitive grasp of the unconscious (always, of course, carefully controlled by his craft); and when he deals with facts, with objective reality, he is generally reducing his powers, not expanding them.

Laugh though he may (and does) at the ludicrous excesses of some Freudians, Thurber's success is impossible to conceive in a pre-Freudian world. Both in his prose and in his drawings, he unfailingly taps the subterranean pipes of the unconscious mind; and we respond to his best work not with the tops of our heads but with the very roots of our secret selves.

In an article in the *New York Times* some years ago, Thurber described himself, with as much truth as modesty, as "a man who has always just sort of started to write pieces and begun to make scrawls on paper, wondering what they were going to turn into . . ." And such surrealist stories as "A Friend to Alexander," "The Waters of the Moon," and "The Interview," which compose the solid backbone of this book, reaffirm his unique gift for transforming a Rorschach blot into an endearing and enduring work of art.

There is no need, at this late date in his exalted career as a truly serious humorist, to dissect either the technique or the content of his work. But what is needed, I think, is a pointed reminder to his publishers that eventually they must give us an "unbalanced" collection of Thurber; allowing the *deuxiéme cru* to remain in the bottles, and pouring only the vintage Thurber, which tastes like nothing else below Olympus.

Of course, "Alarms and Diversions" deserves reading and keeping; the reprint of his tender parable, "The Last Flower," is alone, as they say, worth the price of the book. But to those of us who recognize his special function as Literary Ambassador to the Unconscious, this anthology is too consciously contrived for pleasing all tastes. In a paradox common to literature, it would be twice as deep if it were half as thick.

HOW TO LAUNCH A DEBUTANTE: Petronella Portobello, whoever she may be, could easily become our favorite dowager, for in **"Mother of the Deb"**

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DOUBLE-BARRELED ADJECTIVES

Each of the following poetical extracts is a compound modifier that reflects the character of the poem and the personality of the poet. Elizabeth Mills of Wichita, Kansas, asks you to identify the poets (keying Column Two on Column One) and the poems. Doubt-dispelling answers are on page 36.

1. early-laurelled head	( ) Matthew Arnold
2. wrath-bearing tree	( ) Robert Browning
3. fishingboat-bobbing sea	( ) T. S. Eliot
4. azure-lidded sleep	( ) George Herbert
5. tinsel-slippered feet	( ) A. E. Housman
6. million-colored bow	( ) John Keats
7. far-surrounding seas	( ) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
8. way-worn wanderer	( ) Archibald MacLeish
9. cool-enfolding death	( ) John Milton
10. moon-blanchèd street	( ) Edgar Allan Poe
11. sleeve-worn stone	( ) Sir Philip Sidney
12. fore-bemoanèd moan	( ) William Shakespeare
13. long-with-love-acquainted eyes	( ) Percy B. Shelley
14. nine-hundred-years-old name	( ) Dylan Thomas
15. sigh-blown age	( ) Walt Whitman

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(Houghton Mifflin, $3) she has written a delightful book which recounts the hectic life of a U-mother who must present her daughter to society at the height of the London "season." Petronella, who is apparently a widow who has kept her figure (and who, we are told, is the daughter of a peer and the granddaughter of one of Queen Victoria's most famous ministers), has recounted this experience in the form of letters to a friend who lives on a pig farm and who must also face the problem of bringing a daughter out next year. These letters contain a plethora of Petronella's observations. The season, she counsels her friend, is something you must either do completely or leave well alone, "for to send a very young girl from the country to an occasional London dance is as cruel as to send a timid gazelle to the same drinking-hole as the carnivores."

From the beginning Petronella understands that all those dance invitations don't just arrive out of the blue. You have to contact the other mothers, most of them not seen since school days, and take a house in London and give a dance. "You never know how catty a woman can be until she's launching a kitten," she writes. Since no one can afford to give too large a party, the entertaining is strictly "cutlet for cutlet" and the laws of the jungle prevail. Thanks to her own romance with Commander Freddie FitzOsborne, a handsome bachelor who knew her in her own debutante days, Petronella keeps up her courage through hours of being "a benchwoman" and brightens her book with a nice little story to boot. And gradually she learns how to cope with interviews in *The Daily Pollution*, tiaras in the laundry, and a thoroughly modern international incident when the high-spirited world of debutantes shares the same hotel with those two Bolshemanian traveling salesmen Popemoff and Graballski.

Naturally, all of this frivolity is not for those with too sensitive a democratic nerve, but, then, neither is Nancy Mitford. (Petronella's own support of the London pinnacle of U-dom is simply stated. "I feel rueful," she writes, "when I reflect that the world is what it is, but alas, attempts to revolutionize it only seem to make it worse.") But her book, in which she describes this world as it is, will delight many a reader.

—JEAN CAMPBELL JONES.

THE RETURN OF MAJOR THOMPSON: Sooner or later, of course, that superb comic character named Major Thompson was bound to come to America. Now, in Pierre Daninos's **"The Secret of Major Thompson"** (translated by Don Cortes; Knopf, $3.50) he does so, first stopping over in England to have a little say-so about British customs, too. A few years ago we saw this genial representative of British stuffiness at bay before the French in a book entitled "The Notebooks of Major Thompson." In that book the Major ran into a Mr. Cyrus B. Lippcott, who was allegedly as representative a Yankee as the Major is a Britisher. Mr. Lippcott, who looked like Harry Truman, moved his deckchair next to the Major's. "Glad to meet you," he yelped, and proceeded to tell his life story; but the Major, for reasons unfathomable to Mr. Lippcott, refused to state the exact number of tigers he had bagged and in high dudgeon made his escape as soon as possible. If now much of this second book of the Major's doings seems less funny than did that shipboard episode, it may be because we don't see so much of the Major. Then, too, author Daninos's direct encounters with foreign idiosyncrasy are of necessity one-sided satire. In his latest appearance the Major discovers that American buildings are tall (although not everyone, he discovers, lives in skyscrapers), that American women are bossy (praying mantises is the Major's ungallant term). But what does it matter if the Major's observations are not very new? His pithy summaries are real gems of witty apothegm, and, moreover, the book is fun to enjoy without caviling. By his trick of turning national quirks and inconsistencies into jokes, author Daninos may even win himself the peace prize one of these days.

—LAURENT LESAGE.

CLOSE-UP SHOT: Comedians have come from almost everywhere—from burlesque, supper clubs, vaudeville, sanitaria—but Ernie Kovacs is the only comic of any magnitude begat by television. Since 1949, Mr. Kovacs has produced a huge number of sketches, bits, sight gags, etc., some of which continue to amuse the public on other comedians' shows. Perhaps it was as a reaction to this involuntary ghost writing that the comedian has written **"Zoomar"** (Doubleday, $3.95) which at least grants its author the full protection of the copyright statute. Though Mr. Kovacs has written much of his own TV material (but not *all*, as the blurb oddly claims, unless three writers' credits were mere pseudonyms assumed for reasons of modesty) "Zoomar" is his first novel, and a vastly interesting close-up it is.

"Zoomar" is the play-by-play account of the rise of a network executive named Tom Moore, who lands at the United Broadcasting Company as producer of "The Miss Wipe-Ola Beauty Hunt" (a beauty contest show sponsored by a shoe polish) and who never looks back until he is vice president in charge of everything, West Coast division. Moore's rise is swift, but not incredible in a line of work where success is so transient that a stock gag of an executive leaving his office for lunch is: "If my boss calls, get his name." As Moore whizzes up the echelons, Mr. Kovacs has a farceur's field day in depicting the endless production conferences, three-hour lunches, and brain pickings that are the guano of entertainment's lushest offshoots. The principal fascination of "Zoomar" is that it is so preeminently an inside job by an operative who knows his ground. Only the names of the players are (slightly) changed, but the pressure-cooker atmosphere in which they machinate is so palpable that the author could bottle it. The flaw in "Zoomar" is that it is not so much a novel as a series of vignettes, with scarcely a ripple of conflict except for an occasional zany irrelevancy. But the author has a keen eye for the ludicrous, which helps make the juicy subject matter of the book outweigh its lack of eventfulness.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

PICASSO'S POSTERS

This is the *first* book ever published on Picasso's posters. It contains, in full color, practically all the posters he ever made—24 striking prints (10½" x 14") suitable for framing. None has ever appeared in any other book.

THE POSTERS OF PICASSO

Edited by Joseph K. Foster
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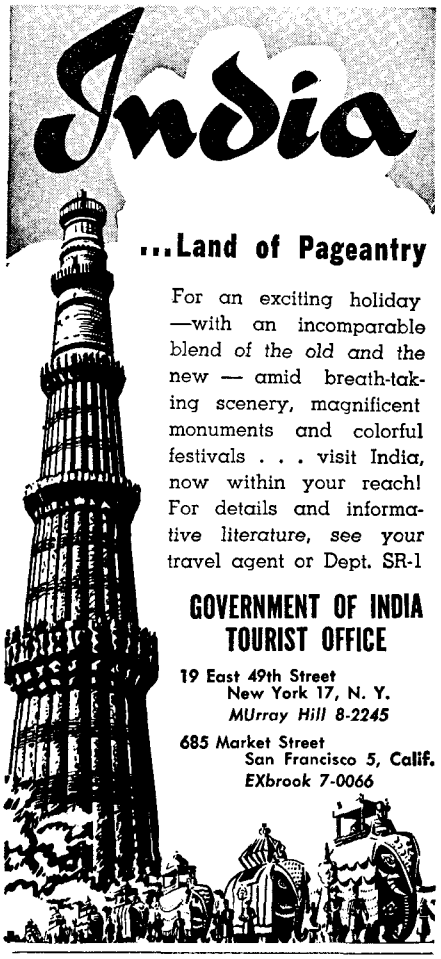
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THE WORLD

Croatian Marxist

"Titoism: Pattern for International Communism," by Charles P. McVicker (St. Martin's. 332 pp. $6) and "The Heretic," by Fitzroy Maclean (Harper. 436 pp. $5.95), are new additions to the lengthening shelf of books on Yugoslavia—the first about the nation's version of Marxism, the latter about its dictator.

By Henry C. Wolfe

FOR a country of its size, wealth, and military power, Yugoslavia is the subject of a disproportionate number of books. The reasons are not far to seek. The little Balkan state remains newsworthy because of its geographical position between East and West, its flamboyant dictator, its dramatic break with Stalin, its ambiguous ideological trend, and its baffling relations with the present masters of the Kremlin.

Three years ago "Tito's Promised Land," a convincingly documented volume by Alex N. Dragnich, professor of political science at Vanderbilt University, indicted the regime of the South Slav dictator. The author is an American who speaks Serbo-Croat fluently and spent over three years in Communist Yugoslavia. His book has failed to receive the attention it deserves, although the march of events in Tito's domain has gone a long way toward justifying Dr. Dragnich's views. "The New Class," by Milovan Djilas, on the other hand, quickly climbed high on the best-seller list. Since publication last August it has continued to command attention not only in this country but all over the free world.

Two of the most recent books on Yugoslavia are "Titoism: Pattern for International Communism," by Dr. Charles P. McVicker, and "The Heretic," by Fitzroy Maclean. The former is a solid, carefully documented work of a high order. The author, formerly a Foreign Service officer, had first-

Pick of the Paperbacks

TWO SATYR PLAYS. *Translated by Roger Green. Penguin. 65¢.* Euripides's "The Cyclops" and Sophocles's "The Searching Satyrs" are the only satyr plays extant of those presented annually at the festival of Dionysius.

I AM FIFTEEN—AND I DON'T WANT TO DIE. *By Christine Arnothy. Popular. 25¢.* A young girl's poignant account of her experiences in a Budapest cellar, while in the streets the Russians and the Germans fought the last skirmishes of World War II.

THE GRANDISSIMES. *By George W. Cable. Sagamore. $1.45.* Creole society in antebellum New Orleans forms the setting for this high-style novel about a family feud by a Southern realist.

BEST TELEVISION PLAYS 1957. *Edited by Florence Britton. Ballantine. 35¢.* One-hour television dramas and comedies, selected by a TV story editor and brought together in a handy volume.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY. *By Charles H. Haskins. Meridian. $1.45.* A historical study of the often slighted revival of learning and culture in the Middle Ages which preceded the burst of full Renaissance light.

THE LITERATURE OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE. *By Gerald Brenan. Meridian. $1.95.* A lively survey, from the early Roman period to the contemporary writings of Juan Ramón Jiménez, by a British journalist-historian.

FRANKENSTEIN. *By Mary Shelley. Pyramid. 35¢.* This classic horror story of Dr. Victor Frankenstein and his home-made monster, the inspiration of many a movie, was written in 1816 by Mrs. Shelley as part of a contest with her poet husband and their friend, Lord Byron.

THE SONG OF ROLAND. *Translated by Dorothy L. Sayers. Penguin. 85¢.* The medieval French epic, in a verse translation, recounts the adventures of Charlemagne's nephew, Roland, his death at the hands of the Saracens, and the Emperor's mighty vengeance.

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—*Wide World.*

Tito—"flamboyant dictator."

hand experience with Titoism while on duty in Yugoslavia.

As Dr. McVicker sees it, Titoism is a kind of half-way house located between Stalinism and Western democracy. He believes that the Yugoslav "deviation" is having a powerful influence on all the other Communist regimes; eventually, in order to survive, they will be compelled to move closer to it. The Titoists often voice sentiments that sound liberal, even quite anti-Marxist, but there is always a deep gulf between the expressed liberal policy and what is actually practiced.

Tito and the small elite group about him rule with a tight hand an unwilling majority. If this entails taking steps forward, backward, and sideways, well, that is the way things are done these days in the Communist countries. The leaders of both the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia, the author states, "have stood Marx on his head, as Djilas so aptly pointed out before he was silenced." It might even mean, in the view of one prominent Titoist, that the Communists may "restore the complete capitalist system, but minus the capitalists." If all this sounds as if the Red rulers are opportunists who play by ear, the assumption may not be far wrong.

It has not been too difficult for Tito to liquidate the old "exploiting class," uproot the professional people and, by means of the ration card, control labor. But where Tito has met steady, unyielding resistance is the peasantry. The sturdy men of the land abhor collectivization and regimentation. Indeed, their resistance was so effective that Tito had to retreat from his original agricultural policies. "The peasant has learned by hard experience that every concession the regime makes in his favor is certain to be matched by a new attack upon his freedom or upon his jealously guarded individuality." As far as the peasant is concerned, the battle has just begun, "for

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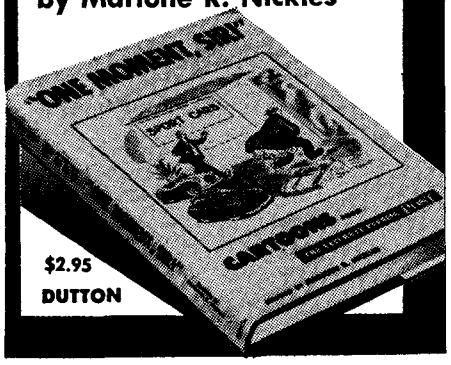

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"Nothing."

By Robert Paul Smith

NORTON

it is on the issue of bringing socialism to the countryside that the Titoist social democracy will stand or fall."

Brigadier Maclean's volume is not so much concerned with the workings of Titoism as with the man who gave that system its name. "The Heretic" is brilliant journalism, colorful and full of action. The author, a former member of the British Parliament who parachuted into Yugoslavia during World War II as Prime Minister Churchill's personal emissary to the Partisans, has known Tito ever since. What he is attempting to do in this readable volume is cast some light on the future of a Yugoslavia that is highly important these days to the policy makers of both East and West.

In such a book, naturally, prominence is given to the war years when Tito was leading the Partisans. The author believes that the latter played a significant part in rolling the Germans back from the Balkans. Anglo-American policies toward both Tito and Mihajlovic were based on the assumption of Partisan military victories over the Axis. Brigadier Maclean, presumably, had a good deal to do with the Allied decision to withdraw support from Mihajlovic and extend all-out aid to Tito. He can hardly be a disinterested chronicler of the Tito-Mihajlovic feud. If the Partisans really did mount effective offensives against the Germans, the Allied decision to desert Mihajlovic may have had some justification. But in "Tito's Promised Land," Dr. Dragnich states flatly that Partisan victories over the Axis were a myth. "They [the Partisans] never undertook a single major action against the Axis." If it is true, as his critics charge, that Mihajlovic was thinking primarily of defeating the Yugoslav Communists, it is likewise true that Tito thought strictly in terms of establishing a Communist dictatorship in Yugoslavia. History has not yet by any means made a final decision on the Partisans or on the Allied policies toward Tito and Mihajlovic.

Brigadier Maclean appears to believe that Tito is "freed from the tutelage of Moscow" and that he will never surrender his independence. One may wonder, however, in following the South Slav dictator's foreign policy moves, especially his pro-Kremlin votes in the United Nations, whether Tito is entirely independent today. Brigadier Maclean has certainly tried to present both the good and the bad in Yugoslavia, but he is apparently handicapped by a personal sympathy for Tito born of the war years. What the author has given us, at any rate, is an entertaining and provocative picture of one of the world's spectacular melodramas.

Sino-Marxists

"Six Hundred Million Chinese," by Robert Guillain *(translated by Mervyn Savill; Criterion. 310 pp. $5), is a French journalist's account of his visit to Mao's Communist state.*

By Hassoldt Davis

ROBERT GUILLAIN, the French and forthright author of "Six Hundred Million Chinese" is correspondent for the very conservative *Le Monde,* but nonetheless is appalled by "the absurdity of a policy which refuses even to know what is happening in China. He argues his point with pure logic backed by personal experience in the country.

Remembering China from his trips there during the Sino-Japanese War, he returned to travel 8,000 miles of it under the regime of Mao. Here, says he, are six hundred million Chinese who are unswervingly making a material progress which must be reckoned with as we have had to do with the ugly fact of Russia; we can't just close our eyes and hope they will go away. Mr. Guillain is among the very few foreign correspondents to bring us first-hand news of China. "On my arrival," he writes, "I was enchanted; when I left I felt stifled." He found fantastic industrial, agricultural, hygienic, and educational development, but complete spiritual degeneration. He was oppressed by the decline of humor, the smothering of individual thought. He was shocked by the files of reactionary prisoners being marched in work gangs into the Gobi Desert, by the street committees and their mutual surveillance; every man was his brother's keeper.

"Draconian" is a word the author frequently uses to describe the enforced ethos of Communist China. He writes of newspapers "to form, not inform" the mind. There is no political corruption, no black market, no tipping, no prostitution. China, once gaudy with color, alive with wit, is now a silent ant hill. Mr. Guillain nearly went screaming crazy amidst the "terrifying uniformity" of blue cotton uniforms. Women dressed similarly and as unattractively as men. Love was suspect as counter-revolutionary.

With the aid of prefabricated thought, Peiping hopes to achieve by 1978 a completely mechanized, socialized, and collectivized land, and by that date we shall have *one billion* Chinese to deal with or attempt to ignore. This objectively written book should be read by all of us who feel claustrophobia in a contracting world.

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

brows, Ursula's superiors would, if they had known their jobs, have sent the poor child packing in time to marry her lord instead of too late to do anything but write about him.

—ANNE FREEMANTLE.

BARSETSHIRE CHAT: "We must get on with writing another book exactly like the last because what the Library Reader likes is a nice book like the last." So writes Angela Thirkell in **"A Double Affair"** (Knopf, $3.95), the twenty-something volume of her interminable gossip column detailing the untroubled goings-on among the gentry of Barsetshire. And so she does. Prattling amiably along, she reports the marriage of the vicar, Mr. Choyce, to Miss Merriweather and then, because romances between genteel and well-suited couples are such fun to write about, she arranges things for the two pretty Crawley sisters (Jane dark and Grace fair) in such a way that a double-wedding is the happy culmination.

To say that the appeal of Miss Thirkell's novels to fiction readers is equivalent to that of "One Man's Family" to radio listeners is a fair assessment, and one to which Miss Thirkell, who is nothing if not unpretentious, would probably not object. Though thoroughly inconsequential, her books are literate and relaxing and do no harm to anyone. —JEROME STONE.

EXOTIC FRUITCAKE: The publishers of Norah Loft's latest high-colored tale, **"Scent of Cloves"** (Doubleday, $3.95), have added a spicy scent to the book's jacket. Even without this scented come-on, Mrs. Lofts, a practiced hand at historical romance, tells a highly spiced story.

"Scent of Cloves" is about Julia Ashley's adventures in the seventeenth-century era of Cromwell. Julia, originally high-born English, is made an orphan after the siege of Drogheda. She is rescued from her misery by a kindly Dutch sea captain who soon dies, and Julia is thrust into an Amsterdam orphanage by his cold-hearted wife. To escape that bleak life she consents to a "Glove Marriage," a system fostered by the East Indies Company that guaranteed a marriage by proxy. One glove of a pair was sent as a symbol of wedlock and when accepted, the faraway marriage ceremony became binding. Suitable young ladies known as "The Company's Daughters" were trained in Holland to make good wives for the Dutchmen who lived in the Moluccas, those exotic spice islands in

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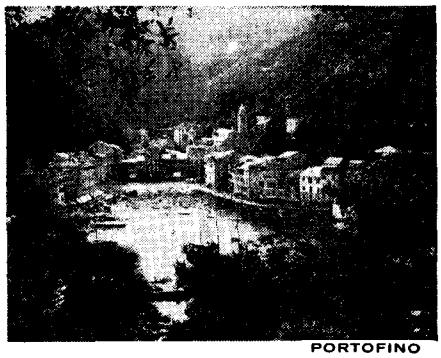

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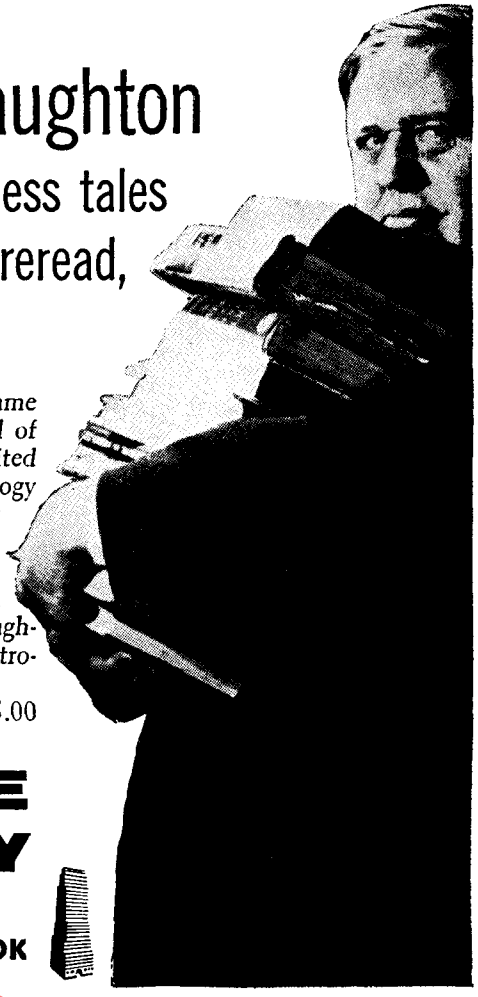

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the Dutch East Indies. Julia, after a long sea voyage, finds herself married to the idiot son of a ruthless landowner, lord of the island of Rua. As Mrs. Pieter Vosmar, she encounters a series of extraordinary problems, including madness and cruelty, as she finds herself in conflict with two wicked and vengeful men. Her preposterously evil father-in-law is a fine old-school villain. It takes some doing to untangle this spicy web that leads to the inevitable happy ending.

Mrs. Lofts's writing is marked by romantic abundance—a piling up of plot, color, romance, sentiment, and suspense. "Scent of Cloves" is a fruitcake full of exotic surprises prepared to delight the appetites of those readers who search for rich literary fare.

—ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT.

BUSINESS, COLONIAL AND DOMESTIC: Anthony Glyn's first novel **"Pemberton, Ltd."** (Dial, $3.45) has, as they say in publishing, everything—everything except the excellence of a first-rate novel. It is about the problems of "good" imperialism misattempting, yet intending, to run well a sugar plantation in the West Indies, about pride in a family and small business that's outmoded, about a young man (the chief character) who starts from the bottom to rise to the top, about the same young man's shuttling between the desire to be a success in a "civilizing" business and the hope he can become a good critic, about the conflict between a career wife and the "hero" who believes motherhood and wifehood should be all, about the problem of miscegenation. The places are New York, the West Indies, London. The people include office-workers who do not work, colonial executives deluded with grandeur, an exotic Chinese with a Scotch name, bankers who are bright paternalists, subversive and Uncle Tom West Indians, an editor whose intelligence is exceeded only by his eccentricity. In the action there is a strike, a lot of violence, adultery, a quarrel between those who have power and those who seem to have it. The talk includes Bohemian balderdash about free living and loving, what's good and bad about modern literature, why people of different "races" can't marry happily, though it would be fine if they could, how petty and big power corrupts. Problems, places, people, action, talk are all plausibly (on the whole) managed.

Admitting its faults and its immaturity, its failure to coalesce, "Pemberton, Ltd." is a good novel—real praise in an age of hasty hyperbole. And Mr. Glyn has the talent to control his insights so that he can go forward—to excellent books, I hope.

—HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

Segregation

Continued from page 19

Judge Brady and Senator Eastland of Mississippi. The lay reader may find the close and patient examination of varying shades of judicial speculation rather heavy going, although he will be interested especially in the authors' forecasts. The law student is presented with brilliant proof that case study can be dramatic as well as edifying.

2. *Dixie's Temper*

"Neither Black Nor White," by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely *(Rinehart. 371 pp. $5), is a report on the state of mind of the South written by two journalists on the basis of a recent trip. Our reviewer, Mark Ethridge, Jr., recently resigned as editor of the* Raleigh *(N. C.)* Times *to become editor and publisher of the* Ravenswood *(W. Va.)* News.

By Mark Ethridge, Jr.

NO TWO books yet written on the subject, as far as this reader remembers, have taken quite the same approach to segregation in the South. Among the many, Robert Penn Warren's "Segregation" was a collection of impressions and interviews with people in his homeland—Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, and Mississippi primarily. Carl Rowan, in "Go South to Sorrow," wrote a tough and unbending report of how he felt about some of the bitterest examples of later-day racism, including the Emmett Till, Autherine Lucy, and Montgomery bus boycott cases. John Bartlow Martin, in "The Deep South Says Never," offered an objective study of the Citizens Council movement in the South, particularly in the Black Belt.

Now, in "Neither Black Nor White," Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely, a husband-and-wife team who have not written together before, have done some of everything. Like their title, their book is neither black nor white, neither entirely subjective nor objective, neither completely rosy with hope nor gloomy with despair.

To prepare it they, like so many other segregation students in the book, magazine, and newspaper businesses, traveled through the South, talked to officials of citizens councils, the NAACP, mayors, sheriffs, school teachers, lawyers, housewives, men in the street, and the inevitable taxi

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drivers who pop up in every pulse sampling.

They, too, report on such cases as Miss Lucy, Clinton, the bus boycott, and the legalistic impossibilities of the Southern tangle. But they have done it with a difference, and it is this difference which makes this in many ways the most comprehensive report on what makes the South function and malfunction since the Supreme Court's decision.

Miss Dykeman and Mr. Stokely have not been content to tell just what's going on. From the depths of their own knowledge as native Southerners, as well as from a great deal of research, they have drawn the complex background of Southern means and mores. They discuss, for instance, the importance of peanuts and George Washington Carver, the Cherokee Indians and the gold rush in North Georgia, the cotton and rice economies, Southern womanhood (which isn't the same womanhood at all that the orators point to with pathos and paternalism) and crime and disease rates. They write with sociological objectivity of educational standards, practical politics, comparative war records of whites and Negroes, high society, the labor movement and that tradition of violence, pride, and passion that must be taken into every Southern account. There are, in fact, few facets of the Southern scene that the authors have missed.

But by no means could this book be considered an objective report. It is weighted heavily in favor of hope and human dignity. In almost every instance, whether law or morals, the chances for success of the segregationists are discounted. The authors, like Warren, clearly believe that somehow the South will work out of its dilemma. Unlike Rowan, they do not believe force is the universal answer. They argue effectively for integration, not simply for school desegregation. And they argue not so much on the basis of economics, though that is a part of it, as on the basis of humanity, man's right to be treated with dignity.

> That gallant South [they conclude], which has placed such a glory in pride, should be most able to appreciate this craving on the part of the humiliated for a measure of pride. That instinctive South, which has proved there are battles men will fight regardless of the odds or cost, should understand most clearly this dedicated instinct on the part of the deprived toward a better life. That South, which has suffered war on its own fields and years of misunderstanding and generations of want, should be committed to the fulfillment of these needs everywhere. And that fertile South, which has nourished and seen wasted such a variety of living things, should most passionately recognize that reverence for life which is a universal supplication.

But eloquence does not necessarily mean validity. Because the South should recognize these things does not mean it does or will in the deliberate future. Because the book's spokesmen for acceptance of the law are more reasoned than the spokesmen for resistance does not mean they are more determined or more numerous.

Nevertheless, "Neither Black Nor White" is a fascinating book and a compelling book. As it is not objective so its depth is increased. As it is not strident so its impact is most felt. Miss Dykeman and Mr. Stokely have seen the white and the black of the Southern crisis, and they have seen the many grays in between. And in presenting these shadings in greater scope and depth than have been presented before, they have contributed greatly to understanding.

3. *Dixie's Record*

"With All Deliberate Speed," edited by Don Shoemaker *(Harper. 239 pp. $3.50), is a collection of papers, written mostly by practicing Southern newspapermen who contribute regularly to the* Southern School News, *dealing with the major aspects of the public school integration controversy. Harry S. Ashmore, our reviewer, is author of "The Negro and the Schools" and editor of the Little Rock* Arkansas Gazette.

By Harry S. Ashmore

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straight. At Nashville a professional staff headed by Don Shoemaker assembles regular reports from correspondents in the Southern and border states and publishes the *Southern School News*. The monthly publication has achieved the remarkable distinction of being accepted by militant segregationists and equally militant integrationists as complete and objective, and it has become the main reliance of all those who are seeking the hard facts behind the emotional storm which racks a third of the nation.

"With All Deliberate Speed," which Don Shoemaker has edited, is, in effect, a digest of the findings of the Shoemaker group over these three years. Eleven persons associated with the Southern Education Reporting Service, most of them practicing newspapermen, have contributed chapters dealing with the major aspects of the controversy—legal procedures, legislation, the struggle to control public opinion, the patterns of desegregation in the border states, and the patterns of massive resistance further South.

As any such joint effort is bound to be, the book is unevenly written and is sometimes repetitious. Yet, despite its achieved goal of even-handed objectivity, the great drama of human change comes through and makes for fascinating reading. Here one gets a sense of the passion that lies behind the Deep Southern resistance to desegregation, and of the bewilderment that so often accompanies it. And, perhaps most important of all, here is pointed up the tremendous variety of conditions, attitudes, and experiences the casual observer rarely sees when he contemplates the monolithic facade erected by the South's political leaders.

Although "With All Deliberate Speed" was written before the Little Rock crisis, the developing patterns that led to the inevitable showdown of state versus federal force are clearly traced. Robert A. Leflar in his brilliant chapter on legal procedures concludes with these prophetic words:

> Vastly greater exercises of power by the executive and legislative branches could occur, but unless they do the role of the courts is a lonely one. There are times when the solitary district judge cannot but ask himself: "Is law what the courts say it is, or is it what the people do?"

This, of course, is the essence of the South's problem—and the nation's. Anyone of any persuasion who seeks to understand it will find "With All Deliberate Speed" the definitive record.

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How Writers Write

Continued from page 13

the Bible—not from piety, she was quick to add, but to get in touch with fine prose; she also regretted that she had formed this habit, for the prose rhythms of 1611 were not those she was in search of. "My springboard has always been long walks." Those long walks alone are a fairly common device; Thomas Wolfe would sometimes roam the streets of Brooklyn all night, when he was trying to get to work on a new episode of his endless novel. Reading the Bible before writing is a much less usual practice, and, in spite of Miss Cather's disclaimer I suspect that it did involve, in her case, a touch of piety. Authors often develop a pious feeling toward their work. Dependent for success on forces within themselves that are partly beyond their conscious control, they try to propitiate the unknown powers. I knew one novelist, an agnostic, who said that he often got down on his knees and started the working day with prayer.

The usual working day is three or four hours. Whether these authors write with pencils, with a pen, or at a typewriter—and some do all three in the course of completing a manuscript—an important point seems to be that they all work with their hands; the only exception among them is Thurber in his sixties. Psychiatrists often say that writers belong to what they call the "oral type." The truth seems to be that most of them are manual types. Words are not merely sounds for them, but magical designs that their hands make on paper. "I always think of writing as a physical thing," Nelson Algren says. "I am an artisan," Simenon explains. "I need to work with my hands. I would like to carve my novel in a piece of wood."

Hemingway used to have the feeling that his fingers, as they held a pencil, did much of his thinking for him. After an automobile accident in Montana, when the doctors said he might lose the use of his right arm, he was afraid he would have to stop writing. Thurber used to have the sense of thinking with his fingers on the keyboard of a typewriter. When he and Elliot Nugent were working together on their play "The Male Animal" Nugent would say to him, "Well, Thurber, we've got our problem, we've got all these people in the living room. What are we going to do with them?" Thurber would answer that he didn't know and couldn't tell him until he'd sat down at the typewriter and found out. After his vision became too weak for the typewriter, he wrote very little for a number of years (using black crayon on yellow paper, about twenty scrawled words to the page); then painfully he taught himself to compose stories in his head and dictate them to a stenographer.

Dictation, for most authors, is a craft which, if acquired at all, is learned rather late in life—and I think with a sense of jumping over one step in the process of composition. Instead of giving dictation, many writers seem to themselves to be taking it. "I listen to the voices," Faulkner once said, "and when I've put down what the voices say, it's right. I don't always like what they say, but I don't try to change it." Mauriac tells the interviewer, "During a creative period I write every day; a novel should not be interrupted. When I cease to be carried along, when I no longer feel as though I were taking down dictation, I stop." Listening as they do to an inner voice that speaks or falls silent as if by caprice, many writers from the beginning have personified the voice as a benign or evil spirit. For Hawthorne it was evil or at least frightening. "The Devil himself always seems to get into my inkstand," he said in a letter to his publisher, "and I can only exorcise him by pensful at a time." For Kipling the Daemon that lived in his pen was tyrannical but well meaning. "When your Daemon is in charge," he said in his memoirs, "do not try to think consciously. Drift, wait, and obey."

AT A summer conference on the novel, at Harvard, one of the invited speakers gave a rather portentous address on the "Responsibilities of the Novelist." Frank O'Connor was on the platform, where he found himself giggling at each new solemnity. After the address he walked to the lectern and said, "All right, if there are any of my students here I'd like them to remember that writing is fun." On that point most, though not all, of the interviewed authors would agree. "I have always found writing pleasant," E. M. Forster says, "and don't understand what people mean by 'throes of creation'." "I write simply to amuse myself," says Alberto Moravia. Angus Wilson "started writing as a hobby."

The professional writers who dread the act of writing, as some do, are usually those whose critical sense is not only strong but unsleeping, so that it won't allow them to do even a first draft at top speed. They are in most cases the "bleeders" who write one sentence at a time, and can't write it until the sentence before has been revised. William Styron, one of the bleeders, is asked if he enjoys writing. "I certainly don't," he says. "I get a fine warm feeling when I'm doing well, but that pleasure is pretty much negated by the pain of getting started each day. Let's face it, writing is hell." But a moment later he says, "I find that I'm simply the happiest, the placidest, *when* I'm writing . . . it's the only time that I feel completely self-possessed, even when the writing itself is not going too well." Not writing is the genuine hell for Styron and others in his predicament; writing is at worst a purgatory.

Whatever may be the original impulse that drives them to write—self-expression, self-discovery, self-aggrandizement, or the pain of not writing—most authors with a body of work behind them end by developing new purposes and ultimate goals. Simenon, for example, would like to create the pure novel, without description, exposition, or argument: a book that will do only what the novel can do. "In a pure novel," he says, "you wouldn't take sixty pages to describe the South or Arizona or some country in Europe. Just the drama with only what is absolutely part of this drama . . . almost a translation of the laws of tragedy into the novel." Critics have always advised him to write a *big* novel, one with twenty or thirty characters. His answer is, "I will never write a big novel. My big novel is the mosaic of all my small novels."

At this point he suggests another purpose, or dream, one that is shared by almost all the authors who were interviewed and one with which I might end this summary. They want to write the new book, climb the new mountain hoping it is the highest of all, but still they regard it as only one conquest in a chain of mountains. The whole chain, the shelf of books, the Collected Works, is their ultimate goal. Moravia says, "In the works of every writer with any body of work to show for his effort, you will find recurrent themes. I view the novel, a single novel as well as a writer's entire corpus, as a musical composition in which the characters are themes." Faulkner says, "With 'Soldier's Pay' I found out that writing was fun. But I found out afterward that not only each book had to have a design, but the whole output or sum of a writer's work had to have a design." Graham Greene says, in "The Lost Childhood," "A ruling passion gives to a shelf of books the unity of a system."

Each of these novelists wants to

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produce not a random succession of books like discrete events for critics to study one by one, without reference to earlier or later events, but a complete system unified by his ruling passion, a system of words on paper that is also a world of living persons created in his likeness by the author. This dream must have had a beginning quite early in the author's life; perhaps it goes back to what Thornton Wilder calls "the Nero in the bassinet," the child wanting to be omnipotent in a world he has made for himself; but later the dream is elaborated with all the wisdom and fire and patient workmanship that the grown man can bring to bear on it. Particle after particle of the living self is transferred into the creation, until at last it is an external world that corresponds to the inner world and has the power of outlasting the author's life.

I SUSPECT that some such dream is shared by many authors, but among those interviewed it is Faulkner who has come closest to achieving it, and he is also the author who reveals it most candidly. "Beginning with 'Sartoris'," he says, "I discovered that my own little postage stamp of native soil was worth writing about and that I would never live long enough to exhaust it, and that by sublimating the actual into the apocryphal I would have complete liberty to use whatever talent I might have to its absolute top. It opened up a mine of other people, so I created a cosmos of my own. I can move these people around like God, not only in space but in time." And then he says, looking back on his work as if on the Seventh Day, "I like to think of the world I created as being a kind of keystone in the universe; that, small as that keystone is, if it were ever taken away the universe itself would collapse. My last book will be the Doomsday Book, the Golden Book, of Yoknapatawpha County. Then I shall break the pencil and I'll have to stop."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 10, 14, 2, 15, 1, 4, 7, 11, 5, 8, 13, 12, 6, 3, 9. Quotations taken from (in order, Column One) "To an Athlete, Dying Young," Housman; "Gerontion," Eliot; "Under Milkwood," Thomas; "Eve of St. Agnes," Keats; "Comus," Milton; "The Cloud," Shelley; "My Lost Youth," Longfellow; "To Helen," Poe; "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," Whitman; "A Summer Night," Arnold; "Ars Poetica," MacLeish; Sonnet XXX, Shakespeare; "With How Sad Steps, O Moon," Sidney; "My Last Duchess," Browning; "The Collar," Herbert.

Kazantzakis

Continued from page 13

world, Albert Schweitzer, who for years had sponsored Kazantzakis as candidate for the Nobel Prize in Literature. Although in Europe Kazantzakis is known only for six of the novels (in America only by three, "Zorba the Greek," "The Greek Passion," and "Freedom or Death") which he began to write in his last years primarily to amuse and please his wife in the stagnation and near starvation of the German-Italian Occupation of Greece, he has come within a vote three or four times of being granted the Nobel Prize. Unfortunately, the great bulk of his best work still remains entombed in a language none of the Nobel Committee can read, that of modern Greek, and in which he has written three books of philosophy, five books of travel (on Spain, Russia, England, Egypt-Mount Sinai, China-Japan), and eighteen of drama, most of them in poetic form. In addition he has translated innumerable works into Greek from the French, Spanish, English, Russian, Italian, German, and Ancient Greek, including Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Dante's "Divine Comedy," and Goethe's "Faust." All his thought, however, and his greatest effort, have been summed up in "The Odyssey," surely one of the masterpieces of the modern world.

In June 1954 Simon and Schuster sent me to Antibes to collaborate with Kazantzakis in a translation of the "Odyssey" into prose. There I spent four months with him, reading each word of his epic together as I took voluminous notes, and there and then, though it would mean three or four years of constant dedication, I decided that only a poetic version could capture the richness of the original. A Fulbright Research Scholarship in Modern Greek Literature at the University of Athens took me to Greece in October, and there I remained for nearly three years with Kazantzakis in the Alps of Yugoslavia, until in an Odyssey of my own through most of Greece and the Greek islands I finished my first draft of the poem. When we met again in Antibes for a month last April, he told me, as he had often told me before, that he would meet death gladly if once he could hold the bound volume of the English version in his hands and know that his mature thought could now scatter the ashes and sparks of his words among mankind.

I have been privileged to meet many great literary figures of our day, but I have never before felt so immediately and persistently in the presence of greatness as before him in day after day of close collaboration and discussion when souls are tried, tested, and revealed. In aspect he was arresting, extremely tall and thin, of a bony and ascetic angularity, with shaggy tawny-grey eyebrows, and the only eyes I have ever seen which the cliches "piercing" and "eagle-eyed" adequately describe. His greatness was lambent and transparent with the simplicity which one always posits for true greatness yet rarely expects to find, a serenity that accepted all and dwelt in a higher tension beyond trivialities. He dressed simply, ate sparingly, and was by temperament a monk (he had lived for two years in contemplation on Mt. Athos) and has summed up his ascetic philosophy in a work of poetic epigrams, "Spiritual Exercises." And yet, like Yeats, he had a passionate admiration for violent men of action, for those, like his hero Zorba, who reveled in all the deliriums of flesh and freedom. Born in Crete between the crossroads of Europe, Africa, and Asia, he saw all life with the double vision of tension between opposites, an explosive conflict that ascended eternally towards higher and higher spiritual reaches in an abyss of nothingness.

TO READ "The Odyssey" together was to accompany Kazantzakis in the search of the modern man for his soul, for that is the true theme of his book. If I were to sum up all his endeavor and thought, I would say that he attempted to bring matter and flesh into an ever closer refinement of spirit, to follow man's own progressive idea of Godhead refined from atavistic fears and powers, from the dualisms of beast and God, from polytheism to the concept of one creator and then back again to the Godhead of man's proud mind and God-creating spirit. For Kazantzakis God was not an exterior entity towards which man proceeds, but a continuously created and re-created aspect of spirit within man himself. For him there was no immortality, but simply the dissolving of his particular rhythms into those of the universe, and thus for him, more than for most authors, whatever of his was to remain would endure or die in his words on the printed page. Death was his constant companion, as Death was also the constant companion of Odysseus throughout his spiritual journey. When Odysseus meets the representative type of the Buddha who accepts death in negation, he declares that only on the abyss may man build the affirmative structure of his life, and cries out, "But I hold Death like a black banner and march on!"

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Interdependence

Continued from page 20

the drawbacks in making this change? What about tariffs? Could a free-trade area be made to cover the entire Atlantic basin? Or, again, is that something that must be done gradually—or in other ways?

A citizens' convention would be ideally suited to tackle such problems. Together its delegates—the best minds available in the Free World—could work out a practical plan for pushing toward real unity among the free countries of the West—indeed, the free countries of the world.

THERE is no use speculating on what recommendations would come out of such a conference. They might be very simple—or quite wideranging. They might stop with the devising of a new political mechanism to insure a common foreign policy—or they might go much further. No one can predict what a group of the best brains in the Free World would come up with—and certainly no one can, in advance, discount the possibility of workable answers. Surely the ability of man to devise new and better forms under which to govern himself did not end in 1789! Surely the faith of Jefferson and Lincoln and Wilson in *the people* and in their ability to solve their problems was not misplaced.

The time has come for something more than solemn and high-sounding pronouncements from the heads of state. By all means let them meet in Paris to see what they can do. By all means let the NATO parliamentarians meet to see what they can do. By all means let the diplomats continue to see what they can do. But in addition let's put the finest representatives of the public of the free world together to see what they can come up with.

Time after time, in public-opinion surveys, overwhelming majorities of the American people have shown that they have turned their backs on isolation, that they welcome active cooperation with the other democracies of the world. They cannot be expected to write the formula for that cooperation. Such a convention as I propose would search for that formula.

The news that the United States of America was willing to sit down with representatives of other free people and discuss, with no diplomatic inhibitions, any and all ways to form a stronger union of the free world would circle the world with an even greater impact than that of the Russians' truly great achievement, the Sputniks. —ELMO ROPER.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Crude zinc of commerce.	176 50 184 73 156 115 202 112 19
B. Man twice president of Texas, then its senator, and its governor (1793-1863).	191 30 123 163 148 14 88
C. A flag or a young naval officer.	43 175 159 179 143 137
D. Amer. dessert made from the orange fruit of a vine (2 wds.).	167 97 124 90 61 164 9 65 136 39
E. German lyrical philosopher-poet, who taught history at Jena late in life (1759-1805).	51 197 178 118 13 45 12 168
F. One legally appointed to transact any business for another.	192 146 57 152 76 165 172 187
G. In mining, old timbers laid across steel sets to support the roof.	151 100 29 121 32 161 89
H. Namely (2 wds.).	134 26 188 170 99
I. Often follows breaking.	48 145 130 35 66 105 142 162
J. To trim and finish the edges (2 wds.).	20 54 182 98 77 4 62 129
K. Symbol used to represent a word, etc.	85 72 198 60 194 166 135 155 180
L. Moved backward and forward between two places.	120 11 144 108 53 64 7 196
M. Play the part of the man entertaining guests (3 wds.).	92 6 40 127 109 203 58 147 69 46

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. The popular, usually larger, branch of a bi-cameral legislature (2 wds.).	44 177 78 110 1 47 37 63 173 157
O. Dried leaves and flowers of *Cannabis sativa*; or wild tobacco, *Nicotiana glauca*.	103 169 15 5 49 27 67 126 83
P. What the much-admired thing is "out of" in current vernacular (2 wds.).	10 81 189 28 104 195 31 74 117
Q. Subject of a hostile power who is not a Moslem (Moham. law).	23 59 91 55 68
R. Interdict; restrain; hinder.	185 116 82 8 34 141 33
S. Cruel, pitiless.	153 174 80 107 111 95 86 171
T. Four ought to be the result (3 wds.).	52 42 160 190 79 38 150 133 106 158 17
U. Swiss bacteriologist who discovered the plague bacillus, developed the serum against it (1863-1943).	18 131 84 183 102 119
V. Impel through space or a different medium.	113 122 201 3 70 36 24
W. To utter a sound expressing dejection (comp.).	149 114 21 193 41 101 128
X. Upper parts, esp. if long and narrow.	200 93 16 22 125 140
Y. One who makes formal commendation of someone or something; panegyrist.	56 199 181 75 138 87 94 71
Z. Describing a chain made continuous by uniting its ends.	2 132 154 186 25 139 96

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Blank squares indicate ends of words: if there is no blank square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 N	2 Z	3 V	4 J	5 O	6 M	7 L		8 R	9 D		10 P	11 L	12 E		13 E	14 B	15 O
16 X		17 T		18 U	19 A		20 J	21 W	22 X	23 Q	24 V	25 Z	26 H	27 O	28 P		29 G
30 B	31 P		32 G	33 R		34 R	35 I	36 V	37 N	38 T	39 D	40 M	41 W		42 T	43 C	44 N
45 E		46 M	47 N	48 I		49 O	50 A	51 E	52 T		53 L	54 J		55 Q	56 Y		57 F
58 M	59 Q	60 K	61 D	62 J	63 N	64 L		65 D	66 I	67 O	68 Q	69 M	70 V		71 Y	72 K	73 A
	74 P	75 Y	76 F	77 J		78 N	79 T	80 S	81 P		82 R	83 O	84 U	85 K		86 S	87 Y
88 B	89 G		90 D	91 Q	92 M	93 X	94 Y	95 S	96 Z		97 D	98 J	99 H	100 G		101 W	102 U
103 O		104 P	105 I	106 T	107 S		108 L	109 M	110 N		111 S	112 A	113 V	114 W		115 A	116 R
117 P		118 E	119 U	120 L	121 G	122 V	123 B	124 D	125 X	126 O	127 M		128 W	129 J		130 I	131 U
132 Z		133 T	134 H	135 K	136 D	137 C	138 Y	139 Z		140 X	141 R	142 I	143 C		144 L	145 I	146 F
147 M		148 B	149 W	150 T		151 G	152 F	153 S	154 Z		155 K		156 A	157 N	158 T		159 C
160 T	161 G	162 I		163 B	164 D	165 F	166 K		167 D	168 E	169 O	170 H	171 S	172 F	173 N		174 S
175 C	176 A	177 N		178 E	179 C	180 K		181 Y	182 J	183 U	184 A	185 R	186 Z	187 F		188 H	189 P
190 T	191 B		192 F		193 W	194 K	195 P	196 L		197 E	198 K	199 Y	200 X	201 V	202 A	203 M	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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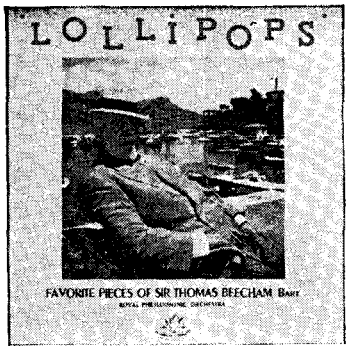
Gala Christmas List

(New Releases—Available Nov. 25, '57)



That's what Sir Thomas Beecham calls his favorite pieces. Poet and Peasant (Suppé), Afternoon of a Faun (Debussy), Valse Triste (Sibelius), Royal Hunt and Storm (Berlioz), March in D (Mozart), Le Rouet d'Omphale (Saint-Saëns), Joyeuse Marche (Chabrier). Delightful album of musical sweetmeats. Royal Philharmonic.

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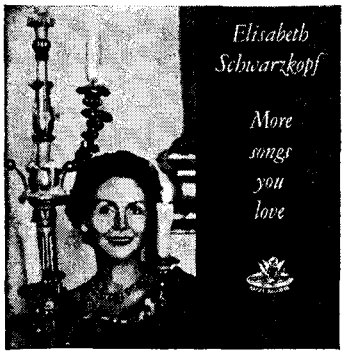
Cover: Photograph in color of Sir Thomas, taken summer 1957 at his villa on the Riviera.



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Cover: Red and gold. *Back:* Complete texts.

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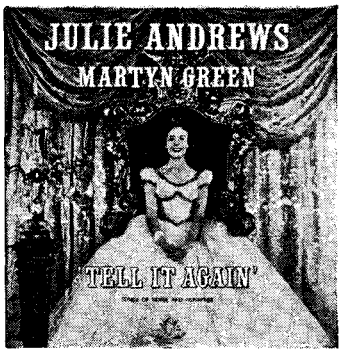

JULIE ANDREWS and MARTYN GREEN

in 'Tell It Again'

In this enchanting record of nursery rhymes, learning songs, lullabies, and other **'Songs of Sense and Nonsense'** the star of *My Fair Lady* has slipped away from Spain where 'the rain stays mainly in the plain' to the Never-Never-Land where hurricanes *never* happen and where gardens grow silver bells and cats go to London to visit the Queen. Shedding Eliza Doolittle and her phonetic troubles, Julie Andrews has left all tongue-twisters (such as 'Betty Botter bought some butter') to Martyn Green and sings about Mary and her Lamb, Little Bo-Peep, and Miss Muffet. **For children and grown-ups.**

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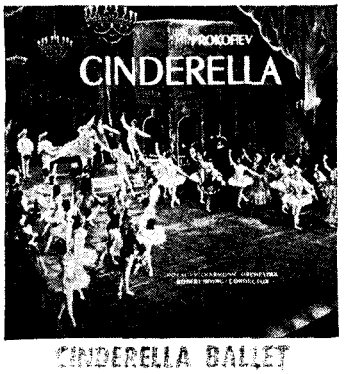
Cover: Color photograph of Julie Andrews. *Notes* plus text of songs.



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(Prokofiev)

All glitter and gold, crystal and grace is this 'royal' record, magically recorded by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Robert Irving, Musical Adviser of the Royal (former Sadler's Wells) Ballet. Perfect Christmas gift!

Angel 35529

Cover: Photograph in color of Ball Scene with Moira Shearer as Cinderella.

(Gilbert and Sullivan)

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Angel 35440

Cover: Color photograph of De los Angeles with mantilla. *Booklet:* Illustrated, with notes and Spanish song texts.

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Angel 35551

Note: **The complete MESSIAH is available in 3-record Angel Album 3510 C.**

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RECORDINGS
SECTION

NOVEMBER 30, 1957

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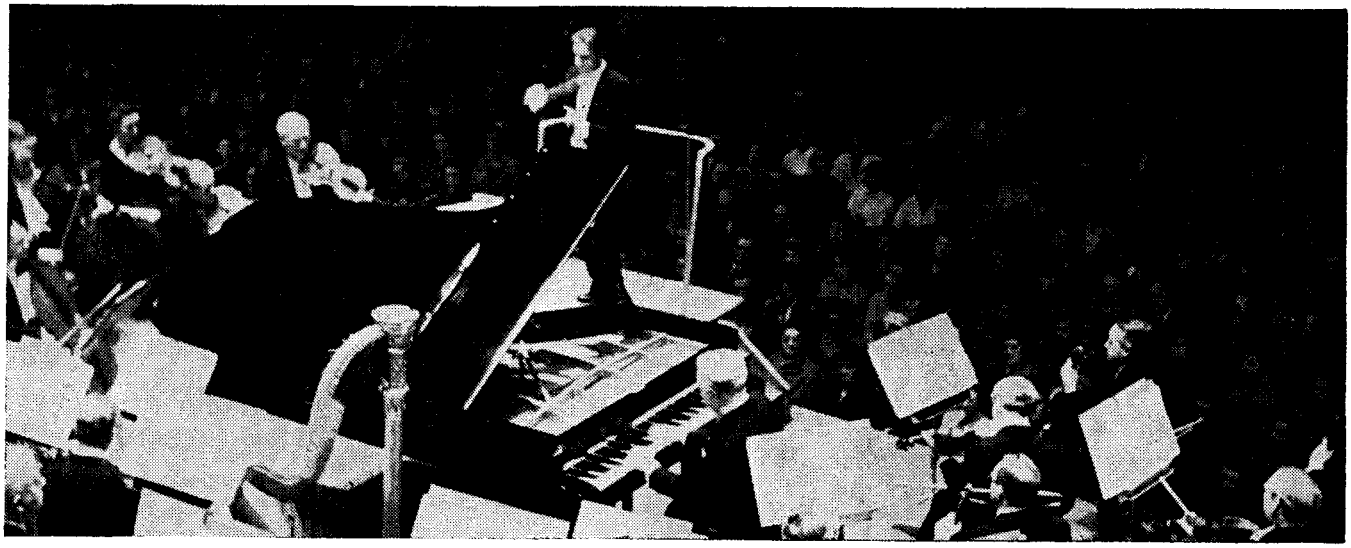

Sir John conducting, Rubinstein soloist, in the Brahms D Minor at the opening concert of the centennial season.

BARBIROLLI AND THE HALLÉ

By NEVILLE CARDUS, *longtime music critic of the* Manchester Guardian, *is now based in London and is an internationally-famous authority on Cricket.*

By BERNARD HERRMANN, *composer of several Academy Award-winning film-scores, and frequent guest-conductor of orchestras here and abroad.*

LONDON.

FOR 100 years the Hallé Orchestra has had a character and function marking it off from all other orchestras in Great Britain. First, it was founded and fathered by a German musician. Charles Hallé, born in Westphalia, became renowned in Paris during the period of Chopin, Georges Sand, Berlioz, and Liszt. When the Revolution of 1848 drove him from Paris he decided to take refuge in Manchester, city of cotton, rain, and smoke. Perhaps his decision was not entirely inexplicable. German Jews were already rooting themselves there. The cavernous thoroughfares of Manchester were rendered more Stygian by the towering offices of Hamburg merchants whose brass plates gleamed through the encircling gloom of Portland Street and Whitworth Street, announcing the esoteric names (esoteric in Lancashire anyhow) of Heyn Franc & Co., Fritz Dehn & Co., Behrens, (*Continued on page* 64)

LOS ANGELES.

ON OCTOBER 16 Sir John Barbirolli opened the 100th season of the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester, and his fifteenth year as its Musical Director. Not only was this an occasion, musically, of historical importance, but more so in that it serves as a reminder of what great heights can be achieved by an orchestra under an imaginative, poetic, and inspired conductor.

In this fifteen years the Hallé has become, not only the premiere orchestra of England, but one of the great orchestras of the world. Today it is an instrument of utmost sensitivity and brilliance. Its dynamic range is from that of the most delicate pastel shades of orchestral color to the most dazzling. It is an orchestra that is in perfect control at all times, and one that performs with vibrancy, eloquence, and virtuosity. These qualities have been imparted to it by John Barbirolli, who is today one of the few remaining

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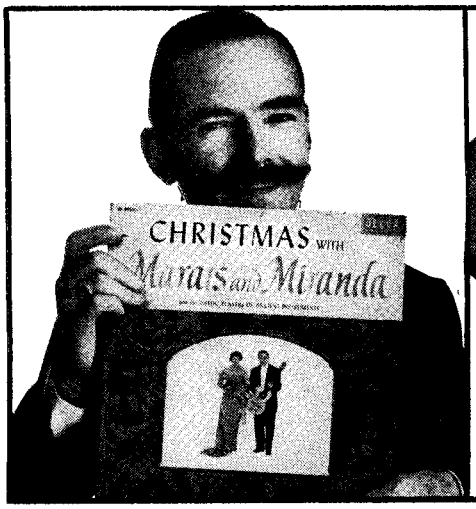
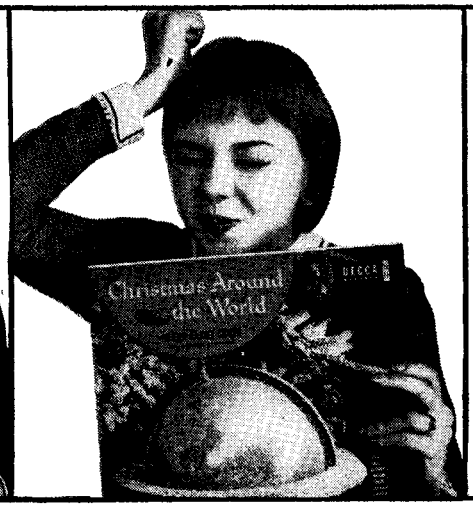
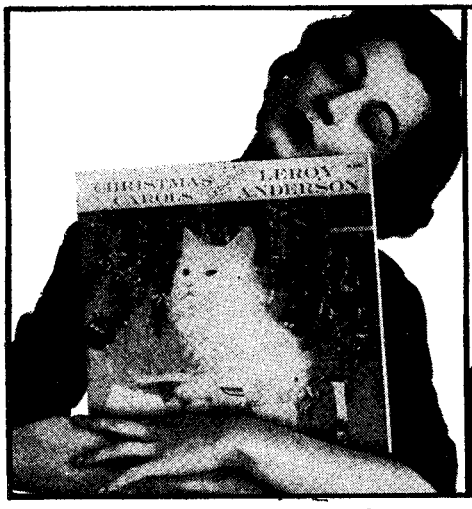


"Simply superb . . . My favorite people, Marais and Miranda, accompanied by the Pardo Players of Ancient Instruments, present little known songs from England ('The Cherry Tree Carol'), Africa ('Lullaby To A Doll'), France ('The Angelus'), others." DL 9030



"So wonderful sounding . . . I'm having my Christmas around the world . . . Svend Saaby's Choir sings you smoothly, beautifully through sweet carols from practically every European country, over to America. Terrific!" DL 8204*

"I can hardly believe it . . . so realistic! You hear the great church bells pealing away while a chorus and orchestra under Werner Müller, sing centuries old carols. The Children's Choir adds a nice touch, too. Wonderful to give, wonderful to get!" DL 8388*



"I love Leroy . . . Leroy Anderson conducting his soft, silken interpretations of traditional Christmas carols like 'We Three Kings', 'I Saw Three Ships', 'O Little Town of Bethlehem', as well as unusual ones like 'O Sanctissima'. Lovely giving! Lovely getting!" DL 8193**

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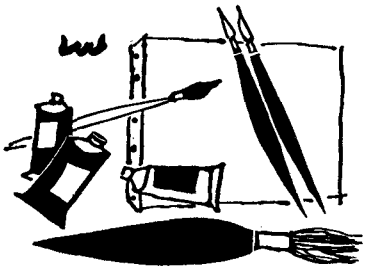
poet-conductors. His music-making is of utmost dedication and sensivity, and for this achievement his art is to be especially cherished.

The imaginative school of conducting had its beginnings in the concepts of Richard Wagner; it found its flowering under Nikisch, Richter, Muck, Mahler, Levi and, in more recent times, with Toscanini, Beecham, Stokowski, and Furtwängler. For these conductors there has been one ideal and that was, in the words of Mahler, "The art of conducting is that of being able to play the notes that are not written."

TODAY we have hundreds of conductors, many of whom are efficient, professional, and accurate as far as their limited imagination allows, but they can hardly be considered as creative conductors, for in reality they are kapellmeisters, subservient to prevailing musical fads and fashions, and in some cases interested in music only as a means to personal aggrandizement and career. But they can hardly be called co-creators, which is, in reality, what a conductor should be. He is the partner—the artist who, through musical empathy and poetic imagination, is able to enter into the creator's mind and to arrive at an understanding of how that composer's works should be projected. For not all composers have been equally successful in putting on paper their musical demands; some are more vague than others—some more precise. And it is the problem of each conductor to solve these dilemmas.

Today the orchestras of the world are beginning to assume a monochromatic greyness of sound. It is considered unfashionable for orchestras to have resplendent tonal sound—for climaxes to be brilliant and thrilling—for strings to sing—for woodwinds to be the principal actors on the stage. Today all is resolved into a uniformity and conformity of sound that makes the orchestra perform as though it were an organ with one set of registers pulled out for the entire evening. Whether the work in hand be that of the eighteenth century, the romantic era or a modern composer the tonal texture remains the same.

But partly to blame for this paucity of imaginative playing is the fact that present-day orchestras have perpetual guest conductors; they are no longer led—they, in reality, lead, and the guest for a few days must accept overcooked or undercooked playing, as the case may be. For an orchestra without a permanent conductor cannot become a really great orchestra. Someone must give it a style, a tonal palette, and a source of vitality.



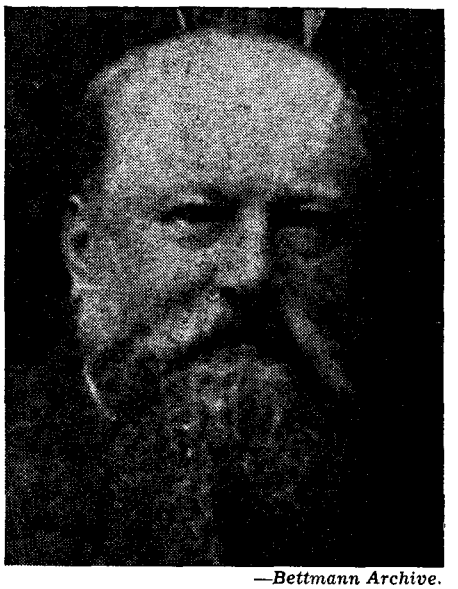
It is one of the achievements of the Hallé Society of Manchester that its board of directors felt it was best to entrust the orchestra to the hands of one man—and fifteen years later they may well be proud of their decision, as much against the tide as it may have been. For today it has resulted in one of the superb orchestras of the world.

Recently I had the pleasure of hearing Barbirolli conduct a performance of Rossini's Overture to "The Italians in Algiers" that so bubbled and effervesced with joyous good humor and witticisms that the audience at Festival Hall chuckled with pleasure. What a rare tribute to a performance. At the same concert, Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra was done as effortlessly as though it were some simple work instead of the formidable one that it is. Then a performance of Brahms' Fourth Symphony that conveyed all the tragedy and autumnal eloquence inherent in this great work. So searching was this performance, it was almost as though one were hearing it for the first time with all its prismatic utterance and urgency. The climax of the final movement was shattering in its intensity. When I complimented Sir John on this splendid performance he replied, "As Hazlitt said of Shakespeare's 'King Lear,' 'It is a great rock of granite, and all we can hope to do is to chip off a fragment or two'."

I was privileged to be present at one of the rehearsals of Vaughan Williams' Eighth Symphony and to sit beside the composer. In the opening set of variations, Sir John made a slight pause between each one, and when it was suggested to the composer that it might be a good idea to incorporate these pauses in the published score, Vaughan Williams replied, "Oh no! Everyone else will make it too long. Sir John does it just right, and that length is impossible to indicate." And when the orchestra reached the end of the slow movement, Williams, addressing the orchestra and conductor, said, "Thank you! Thank you, ladies and gentlemen." Barbirolli turned and replied, "No, no. It is we who thank you."

In all the years I have known Sir John, I have never heard him refer

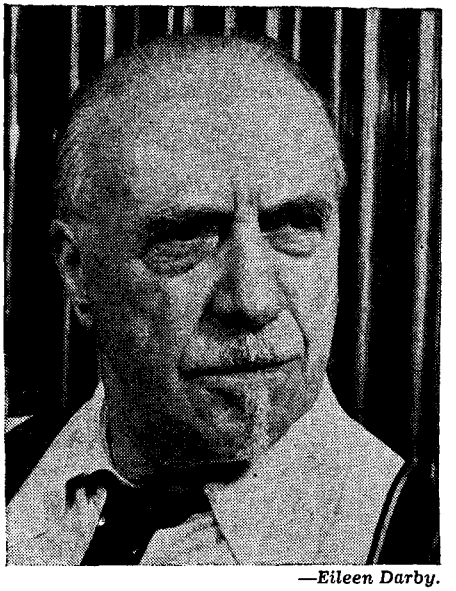
(*Continued on page 57*)



—Bettmann Archive.

Richter—"music from German sources."

Harty—"Irish wit and sentiment."



—Eileen Darby.

Beecham—"necessary lightness of touch."

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Miss Ruth Slenczynska before and after—"the ghosts of the fabulous automaton had vanished for good."

RUTHIE, IN WORD AND DEED

By ABRAM CHASINS

THE devastating impact of a neurotic father on Ruth Slenczynska's personal and pianistic career is the central theme of her book, **"Forbidden Childhood,"** as told to her collaborator, music-critic Louis Biancolli (Doubleday, $3.95). It appears coincidentally with new recording that typify her present pianism.

Josef Slenczynski had it all worked out long before that January day in 1925 when Ruth was born. He would have a child who would be a musician. Not just a musician but a world-beater. Ruth became his victim. Living vicariously through his daughter from her infancy, the father first enslaved her, then exploited her; not merely as the means for attaining prestige, power, and profit, but also as the expression of a sadistic passion in its own right.

Prodded mercilessly to practice day and night, led toward all the sensational aspects of pianism, Ruth soon became a world renowned prodigy, commanding astronomical fees. Papa was swollen with pride and possession, pushing Ruth and her career. Any hint that she was not superlative in every way drove him to maniac outbursts. "Father's nasty inferiority complex came to the fore," to use Miss Slenczynska's delicate phraseology.

It is a pitiful tale indeed. Yet it is but the extreme version of a very old story—that of the talented youngster whose parent sees in him the fulfilment of frustrated ambitions. Offhand, I can think of few artists who have not had to overcome tremendous odds, who did not have to face family conflicts and tyrannies of one sort or another.

Ruth was obviously unable to overcome the frightful odds against her. Papa never left her side, never permitted her to develop in any way, except digitally. She was created and maintained in his image. The day of reckoning had come. At fourteen Ruth and her career collapsed. "My father didn't care whether I lived or died."

She fled, went to school, took odd jobs, and married, with her father's curses still echoing around her. Outwardly she had rebelled against papa. But she was not ready to relinquish him. She merely replaced him with a husband who first urged, then demanded that she return to the platform. Her father died.

For about five years, from 1951, Miss Slenczynska attempted to stage a "comeback," playing hundreds of concerts in Europe and the U.S. I heard Miss Slenczynska's 1952 Carnegie Hall recital. Her performances were innocent of any evidence that the child prodigy had grown into an enlightened artist. A little over a year ago Miss Slenczynska began to attract nationwide attention, first through TV and radio appearances, then through feature stories in magazines and the daily press, and now through this book—all of which cast her in the role of an uninhibited denunciator of her vicious father. Things being what they are today, this naturally resulted in a renewed managerial and public interest in Miss Slenczynska which could never have resulted from anything so dull or irrelevant as artistic distinction.

Of her name-studded book (without an index) three-quarters is concerned with repetitious accounts of the impressions little Ruth made on the public and on some very distinguished musicians and on blow-by-blow descriptions of her cruelly mangled youth. The last pages strike a confident note, on hopes and convictions which crystallized in Miss Slenczynska's mind at a recital she gave in Cologne a few years ago.

Her hopes we share wholeheartedly. Her convictions, however, are fairly disquieting. "The ghosts of Josef Slenczynski and his fabulous automaton had vanished for good . . . With every note, I knew I was on the right track at last . . . Deep down, I knew I would never need anyone or anything else again. I had reached a

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point where instead of absorbing from others, I could make others absorb from me."

With such statements and many others, Miss Slenczynska declares her independence and maturity as woman and artist. In revisiting her youth, she shows little of either, and none of the understanding and calm compassion she condemns her father for denying her. But one should turn to an artist's work to find the best part of the person. Unhappily, Miss Slenczynska's playing and recent recordings do not substantiate her convictions either.

LET US consider Miss Slenczynska's recent recordings of Chopin's Twenty-four Études and four Impromptus. (Decca DL 9890-91). The fleet, strong, and clean fingers of her childhood remain. So do all her musical follies and intellectual limitations. As I listened to the first few pieces, I began to notate specific examples of harmonic confusion through blurred pedaling, flagrant textual disregard and rhythmic distortion, and the inability to attain expressivity without destroying the structure or to reveal phrase-lengths or meter without accentual thumpings. It wasn't long before I had to abandon all attempts to categorize explicitly, for the regrettable fact is that nowhere is Miss Slenczynska's mechanical facility complemented by a comparable musicianship. Virtually every work serves to keep in perspective the sad fact that she is still very far from a significant interpreter.

But, one may well ask, how is this possible with a pianist who, according to her book and the record sleeves, "studied with Petri, Schnabel, Cortot, and Rachmaninoff"? [EDITOR'S NOTE: *Also with Chasins.*] You have me there. I don't know. Perhaps the answer may lie in Miss Slenczynska's placement of this distinguished tutelage during the heyday of her career as a *Wunderkind,* at a time when she was neither free from her father's paralyzing influence nor free enough from concert commitments to indulge in any concentrated study.

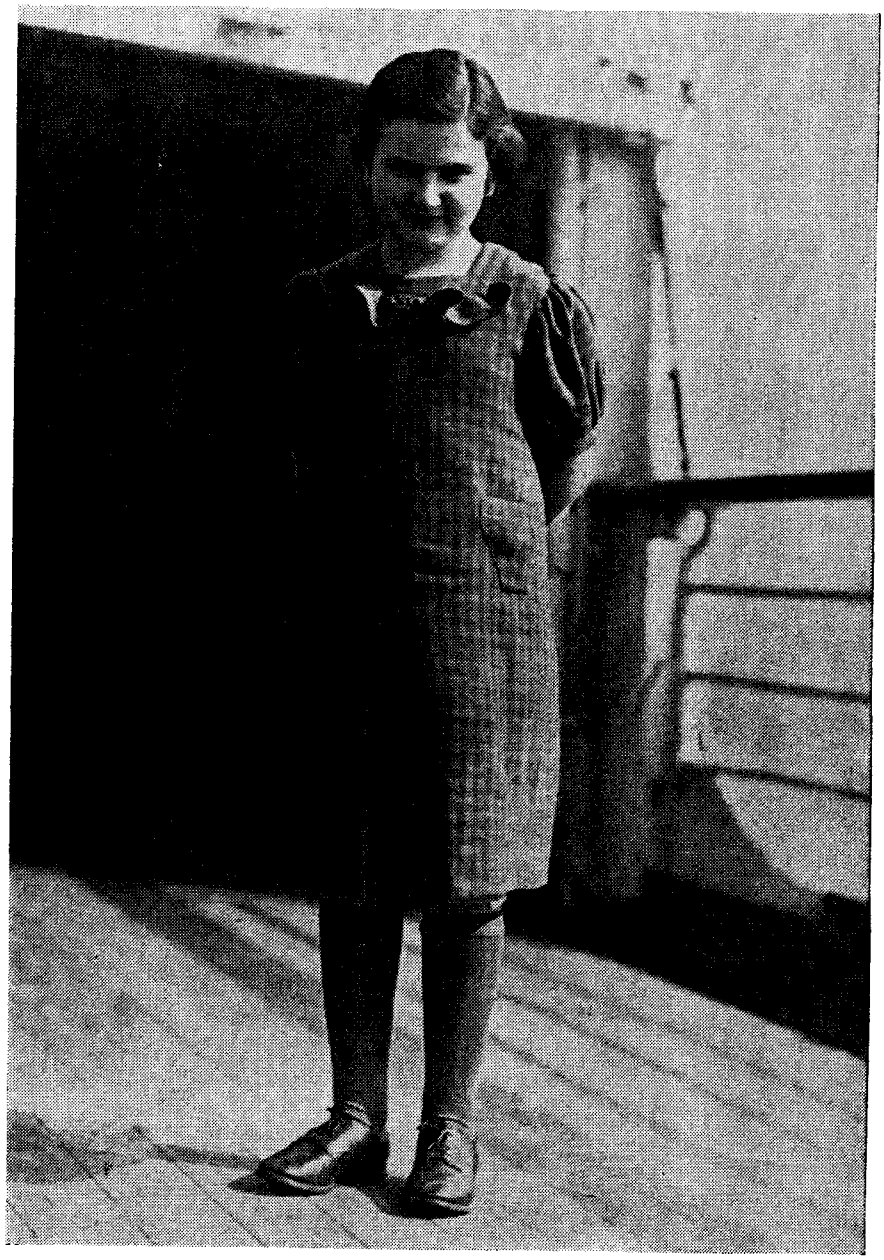
But that was a long time ago. Somewhere along the line Miss Slenczynska should have remembered Rachmaninoff's comments when ship-reporters in 1934 asked his opinion of the prodigy. Shaking his head sadly, Rachmaninoff said, "All these public appearances are bad for her. It is too bad, too bad . . . And I told her father so, I warned him that she should not play so much. She should practise, practise, practise, all the time through these years. All the pieces she plays are too big. She is playing things she can't afford to play at her age."

This is still true though it is no longer a question of age. Miss Slenczynska has clearly failed to examine properly her own share in the difficulties of her life, to understand it and apply her insight to the development of her art. Her present desire to put herself completely into her work and beliefs is a worthy goal. But this can only be approximated to the degree that she succeeds in facing reality and resolving her problems, not in substituting new ones for old ones.

As a child she was a victim of exploitation. She *still* is, but now she is the cooperative agent, unable or unwilling to recognize that her current activities derive less from artistry than from publicity.

One can only hope fervently that Miss Slenszynska will finally seek and see the light. If she eventually wins out, it will be an inspiring example. But I fear her decision to travel the road alone. She needs help, a good deal of unselfish help, for the capacity of any human being to analyze such problems, solve them, and learn from them is limited.

Musically, Miss Slenczynska certainly needs help. To what extent perceptive and patient guidance could undo the artistic damage of the past is anyone's guess. One thing is sure: the question will remain forever unanswered until Miss Slenczynska can let a time that is dead remain dead, until she ceases to mistake potentialities for achievements.



—Culver.

Ruthie at ten, on her way to Europe aboard the *President Roosevelt.*

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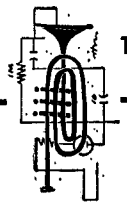


THE JAZZ MAINSTREAM

Tributes and Tributaries

AS THE hagiology of jazz grows—with a companion increase in the need for new album ideas—occasional "tributes" to distinguished jazz creators are being recorded by admiring contemporaries. There is, for example, "A Salute to Louis Armstrong" by Teddy Buckner and His Dixieland Band (Dixieland Jubilee DJ-505) on which ten songs, either written by or long associated with Armstrong, are played by Buckner, a forty-eight-year-old trumpet player who is a disciple and friend of Armstrong. Buckner's career, in fact, has been unique in that after several years in swing era bands like those of Lionel Hampton and Benny Carter, his tastes moved back in time and he joined (at Armstrong's suggestion) traditionalist Kid Ory in the late Forties. Ever since, Buckner has played a contemporary adaptation of the early classic jazz developed in part by New Orleans emigrants to the Midwest in the Twenties. He and his colleagues, however, have not been untouched rhythmically and in melodic conception by the swing period and do not, therefore, try to make their performances unbearably "authentic" in the manner of some younger traditionalist groups. Buckner's associates in this set are not uniformly luminous, but they project a relaxed, collective savor in their celebrations; and there is particularly the strong, singing, economically expressive trumpet of the leader.

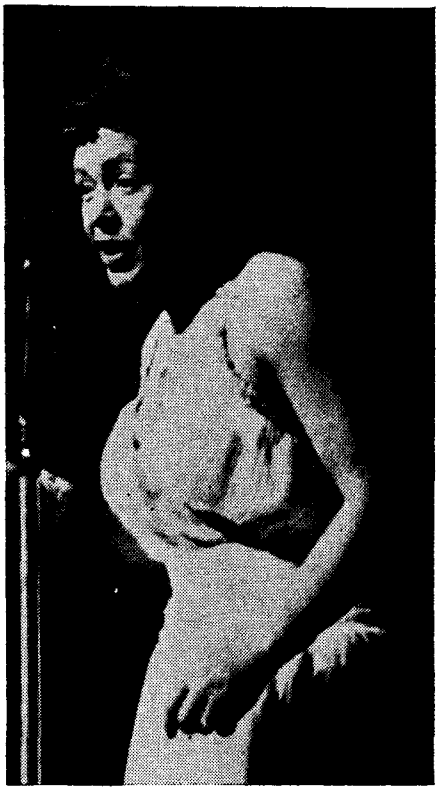
Even more intriguing an addition to recent recorded tribute literature is "For Lady" (Prestige 7106). Lady Day is the sobriquet of Billie Holiday among some musicians, and this album collects four songs fiercely identified with her ("Strange Fruit" and "God Bless the Child" among them); one she recorded with Teddy Wilson in 1937; and an original, "The Lady," by the leader of the date, 25-year-old trumpeter Webster Young. The salute is entirely instrumental, and the two horns present are rather intriguingly matched. Young is a brooding, modern lyrical player much influenced by Miles Davis. Tenor Paul Quinichette, a Count Basie alumnus, is of the swing era but with a message that is also primarily lyrical. Quinichette, who had been in limbo for a time, has regained and in fact, added to his former warmth and fulness of tone; and while he remains inescapably reminiscent of Lester Young, he can on occasion be quite personally satisfying. There is an admirably afloat rhythm section of Ed Thigpen, drums; Earl May, bass; Joe Puma, guitar; and Billie Holiday's regular accompanist, Mal Waldron, a pianist-composer of unusually disciplined and moving sensitivity.

Waldron is also distinctively consistent in "Earthy" (Prestige 7102), an "all-star" seminar involving Al Cohn, tenor; Art Farmer, trumpet; Hal McKusick, alto; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Teddy Kotick, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums; and Waldron. The title selection is in rather self-conscious (I mean the title, not the music) acknowledgment of that quality of deep-rootedness in the jazz loam ("funk" is the more common synonym) to which an increasing number of young modernists aspire. An essential membership requirement is the ability to feel and play the blues. All those present are aptly of the earth; and unlike many another "all-star" hopscotch game, there is a cohesiveness of line and spirit in this album. In addition, most of the various originals, while slight, are more arresting and thoughtfully drawn than is usually the case. The final fourteen-minute "Dayee," however, might have benefited, as often happens at Prestige, by an extra take or three and by more writing to frame the monologues.

Earthy without even minimal self-consciousness concerning the subject are the four blues-born pianists, ranging from fifty-one to sixty-five, contained in "Primitive Piano" (Tone Records 1, 7114 Freret, New Orleans, Louisiana). The recordings were made over a period of three years by a New Orleans high school teacher and Tulane student, Erwin Helfer, who simply felt these people had better be recorded while time remained. "Speckled Red" (Rufus Perryman), the best known, hasn't recorded for perhaps more than fifteen years. He's now a porter and sometime pianist in St. Louis. Billie Pierce is in New Orleans and has been recorded previously by William Russell on his invaluable American Music label. James "Bat the Hummingbird" Robinson made some records in the Thirties, spent his last years in St. Louis, and died of tuberculosis. Doug Suggs, a rent party regular in the Chicago of the twenties, is a porter by trade these decades in the same city. Most of the material in the set is rather limited in scope; but if the album is absorbed in sections from time to time, "Primitive Pianists" can serve as a direct, unsweetened introduction to the urban descendants of the itinerant blues pianists-singers of the last quarter of the nineteenth and the initial decades of this century. Like their country predecessors, Speckled Red and the others in this collection are taking from—and giving to—the rolling autobiographies that have become the collective body of the blues.

A roughly moving blues-wanderer and quite an influential singer-guitarist (Leadbelly and T-Bone Walker were among those who learned from him) was the late Blind Lemon Jefferson. Twelve of his 1926-29 recordings, seven of them not previously released on the Riverside label are now available in "Blind Lemon: Classic Folk-Blues" (Riverside 12-125). As the notes admit, ". . . Blind Lemon's blues are not easy for the present-day listener to understand; the harsh, nasal voice and the heavy layer of dialect that leave few verses totally decipherable . . ." But if you're at all drawn to this kind of dusty, prickly blues, the effort is rewarding, sometimes startlingly so. It is unfortunate, however, that Riverside does not provide for a set like this a separate booklet of texts as Elektra does in the folk field. It would admittedly be a difficult project, but something of the sort would have been a particularly instructive complement to this album.

—NAT HENTOFF.



Billie Holliday—"fiercely identified."

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THE AMEN CORNER

The Christmas List

THIS is the ninth Christmas I have approached in this column, and I do so with thankfulness for the many pleasures I have had while working in it, for the musical lessons I have been taught by the gentlemen who make the records, and for the constant contact with the lively art of jazz which seems to me to be in a very healthy state. Nine years ago I did not recognize the best of the new developments when I heard them. It was necessary, as it always is, to do a great deal of listening; the column has obliged me to do that, and it has been to my continuous satisfaction. I don't know any way to appreciate new and unfamiliar musical directions other than to expose oneself to them with patient and inquisitive ears (even going deliberately against the grain, if that is what it seems to be). I have sometimes suggested to friends, addicts of the older jazz, that in order to arrive at a liking for Charlie Parker or Thelonious Monk or Sonny Rollins they should repeatedly play the records of these men while filling out questionnaires or reading Toynbee or otherwise occupying the mental centers—letting the music seep in, as it were. With increasing seepage, I think, the listener is apt to discover that he begins to understand and relish the new idiom. If he is at all like myself, he will then enjoy both the old and the new. And so to the Christmas list.

For the man who likes Dixieland. There is an excellent new LP "Direct From San Francisco!" by Bob Scobey's Frisco Band, with the invaluably gala voice of Clancy Hayes (Good Time Jazz L-12023). I pause to give a special salute to the band's easy master of the traditional slide trombone, Jack Buck, and for once I am moved to list the entire roster of tunes; they will stir many men of my age bracket as they stir me: "Ostrich Walk," "Indiana," "Sobbin' Blues," "Curse of an Aching Heart," "Michigan Water Blues," "Sensation," "Doctor Jazz," "Jazz Me Blues," "Travelin' Shoes," "A Closer Walk With Thee," "Jada" and "San."

For the devotee of delicate, but authoritative, chamber jazz. A choice piece of gossamer proceeds from the guitarist Barney Kessel with Shelley Manne at the drums and Ray Brown on bass (Contemporary C-3535). This trio has been winning all sorts of jazz polls; they play together with subtlety, versatility and warm feeling. I have also been delighted by the well-known pianist-leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet, John Lewis, in "An Afternoon in Paris" with two modern French experts, guitarist Sacha Distel and tenor saxophonist Barney Wilen, plus rhythm (Atlantic 1267). Lewis is a ruminative, atmospheric pianist and his jazz has sometimes threatened to pass off as a vapor, but here his colleagues assist him in a steady process of condensation. The Frenchmen are eloquent proof, if any more were needed, that the modern jazz idiom has become international.

For those who would like to hear some of the new men work on old material. Several of us who write in this field have been anxious to have the more gifted modern jazz talents pay a lot more attention to the huge repertory of traditional American popular music. It seems paradoxical, although there is strictly no reason why it should be so, that young players now in their twenties or early thirties should have little or no idea of the wealth of popular composition which was produced before World War II. The valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, who has an acute sense of the past, has assembled a crack group for a venture called "Traditionalism Revisited" (World Pacific PJ-1233), the other men being Jimmy Giuffre, clarinet, baritone and tenor saxes; Jim Hall, guitar; Dave Bailey, drums; and Joe Benjamin or Ralph Pena, bass. They present, among other numbers, "Louisiana," "Truckin'," "Jada," "Don't Be That Way" and "Honeysuckle Rose." Their approach to these tunes should offer no difficulty whatsoever to traditionally adjusted ears; it is inventive, refined, thoroughly winning music. But if revisitation of the old order is on the program, I prefer the trenchant work of the tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins with such themes as "Toot, Toot, Tootsie" and Jule Styne's elegant "Just In Time," which is really a new tune in the old spirit (Riverside RLP 12-241).

For the modern ear. The combination of Thelonious Monk on the piano and Gerry Mulligan on the baritone saxophone brings together two of the outstanding figures in modern jazz (Riverside RLP 12-247)—with Wilbur Ware, bass, and Shadow Wilson, drums. Between Monk's poignant, exploring, dissonant piano and Mulligan's robust richness on his horn, a great deal of musical excitement takes place, including the finest performance I recall of Monk's own "'Round Midnight." And Thelonious is leader on another extraordinary disc in which he is joined by five modernists and the grand old man of the tenor saxophone—over fifty at least—Coleman Hawkins (Riverside RLP 12-242). Some of the flavor of this record may perhaps be suggested when I say that the ensemble begins with one chorus of "Abide With Me," played as that hymn deserves to be played (it was written as it happens by one William H. Monk) and then rolls on to five Thelonious originals including "Epistrophy," in which Hawkins takes a solo after the young saxophonists Gigi Gryce and John Coltrane and clearly indicates that no barnacles have grown on the master who adorned the Fletcher Henderson band in 1927-1928. I should hate to have had the task of following him; thirty years seem only to have increased his earthy power and fluidity. This is jazz playing in the grand manner, so highly charged, spontaneous and personal that the idea of attempting to analyze it would be virtually irrelevant.

For the nightcap. I move out of the jazz area to remark that there is now a two-disc LP offering twenty-eight songs by the eminent café singer Mabel Mercer (Atlantic 2-602). Ever since her appearance at Bricktop's in Paris in the early Thirties she has been one of the outstanding late-hour entertainers in the musical field. She is a sentimentalist with a very rare combination of horsepower and discretion. Sometimes the horsepower is too much, and the discretion too little, for the flimsy tune she is driving. But when she has a sturdy number, such as Cole Porter's "Just One of Those Things" or Alec Wilder's "Did You Ever Cross Over to Sneeden's," she can be truly thrilling on the musical turns. —WILDER HOBSON.

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Recordings in Review

Sibelius, Early and Late

SIBELIUS: *"The Tempest," "King Christian" suites. Stig Westerberg conducting the Stockholm Radio Orchestra.* Westminster XWN 18529, $3.98.
"Tapiola," "The Swan of Tuonela," "Karelia Suite," and "Bolero." Hans Rosbaud conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL 9938, $3.98.
"Swan of Tuonela," and "Finlandia" (plus various works of other composers). Leopold Stokowski conducting. Capitol P 8399, $3.98.
Symphony No. 2. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5207, $3.98.
Symphony No. 7 "Oceanides" and Pelléas et Mélisande" suite. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel 35458, $4.98.

FOR ALL THE great popularity of Sibelius in this country during the Thirties and Forties, there are large areas of his orchestral output which are less than well known. Sir Adrian Boult covered some of them in his complete treatment of the tone poems in a Vanguard issue of last spring, and there is further illumination in these issues, especially in the Westerberg and Rosbaud discs.

Indeed it may be doubted that the "King Christian" or "Tempest" music has been issued at this length here previously (the most recent edition of Clough-Cuming contains an entry for a considerable quantity of the "Tempest" music by Beecham, but it has not yet made its appearance here). The first of these is among the earliest (1898) representative works of Sibelius, and decidedly attractive for the pastoral spirit with which it is infused. The play is concerned with a Danish monarch known as Christian the Tyrant; the "Nocturne," "Elegie," "Musette," "Serenade," and "Ballade" are full of fresh outdoor feeling and coloration. The performance by Westerberg and the Stockholm Orchestra is a communicative one, as is the treatment of "The Tempest" music. The latter provides eleven of the total of seventeen episodes Sibelius wrote for a Copenhagen production of Shakespeare's play in 1926. It has a good deal of dramatic point, if less than the amount of invention in the earlier music. The reproduction is first class, especially the pastel colorations of "King Christian."

In his disc, Rosbaud displays a singular sympathy for the Sibelius idiom, and there is much beautiful playing by the Berlin ensemble. However when it comes to such matters as "Swan of Tuonela," Stokowski remains a colorist preeminent. He also evokes a superior clamor of sound for "Finlandia," in the course of reprising some of his most celebrated orchestral innovations: the Bach "Toccata and Fugue" (D minor) in his own orchestration, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and "Clair de lune," even Strauss's "Blue Danube." The orchestra is nominally unidentified, but quite qualified to give Stokowski what he wants in this repertory.

Both symphonies have been previously recorded by the men in question, with the clearest gain in Beecham's opportunity to excel the inferior product of a collaboration with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in the early Forties. For my taste, he is an even more eloquent spokesman in the intimately poetic aspects of the "Pelléas" music, particularly "Mélisande at the Spinning Wheel" and her death music. Beecham's devoted services on behalf of the symphony leave me still an unbeliever in its substance if not its logic. Throughout (especially in the climax of "Oceanides," another work which I find unconvincing) the reproduction is wonderfully rich and solid. Similar words are in order for Ormandy's proclamative treatment of the Second Symphony, for which the Philadelphia Orchestra is a particularly suitable instrument. It may be naive of me to prefer it, among the seven, for its straightforward statement and self-evident mastery, but that is my conviction.

The Greater Fischer-Dieskau

SCHUMANN: *"Freisinn," "Schneeglöckchen," "Ständchen," "Two Venetian Songs," "Talismane," "Des Sennen Abschied," and Twelve Songs (opus 35). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Günther Weissenborn, piano.* Decca DL 9935, $3.98.

THE APPEARANCE of this record makes it doubly deplorable that Fischer-Dieskau was unable to come to this country a few weeks ago to fulfil his current commitments. (It is said that he required an operation, not related to his vocal faculties). For it strikes me as the best work he has yet done on discs, and it would have been absorbing to observe whether this marks a real, enduring step forward or merely the happy outcome of temporary circumstances.

I have long admired the singer's intentions, his serious application to an art whose rewards are far from commensurate with the effort expended on its mastery. I have always enjoyed his supple, finely centered voice, while finding it light for some of his endeavors, such as Schubert's "Winterreise." On this disc, however, he musters all his abilities in a freer, less constrained expression than in any previous song collection. Even when the requirements are those of "Talismane," a song on the scale of Schubert's "Atlas," he gives voice to a kind of expression not heard since Schlusnus and Hüsch.

More than a little charm in this record derives from the quality, and unfamiliarity of the material. Aside from "Wanderlied," "Stille Tränen," and "Alte Laute," the settings of twelve poems by Justinus Kerner are little heard. No one devoted either to unusual vocal material or its wholehearted recreation will want to be without this disc.

Mahler from Amsterdam

MAHLER: *"Lied von der Erde," "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen." Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, with Ernst Häfliger, tenor and Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano.* Epic SC 6023, $7.96.

TO CHALLENGE a work so formidable as "Das Lied von Der Erde" is, of itself, a matter to give pause to all the performers involved. To undertake a recording against the high standard of such a version as London's with Bruno Walter, the Vienna Philharmonic, Julius Patzak, and the late Kathleen Ferrier is even more cause for caution. Save for the expanded reality of the sound (especially in such an orchestral tumult as the middle section of "Von der Schönheit") the present effort doesn't match its predecessor.

It is beside the point to tax Van Beinum for lacking Walter's special sensitivity to and affinity for this music; almost any other conductor of the day would have to acknowledge the same deficiency. But I do not find his sense of the score particularly deep or communicative. It is artistic, but too many points are not made, or glossed over, to evoke the full measure of Mahler's achievement.

Neither Häfliger nor Miss Merriman conveys as much with the vocal parts as Patzak and Ferrier. The former works against the handicap of a voice with little sensuous beauty, which he manipulates well when he can set

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himself for a thrust toward the top. Otherwise, he tends to be strained, though his feeling for the idiom is strong. Miss Merriman's big sound is unevenly utilized, beginning too loud for the *ppp* marking, and slightly off pitch. Thereafter she tends to more portamento than strikes me as appropriate in this music, with a particularly draggy effect on a descending line. Nor am I persuaded of a real identification with the style, though some phrases in "Der Abschied" are eloquently projected, when she thins the sound in a way to produce the suitable line. Through this section, incidentally, though the reproduction is highly realistic, most of the dynamics are too loud by Mahler's markings.

Miss Merriman establishes and sustains a more consistent mood in the "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," despite an unreasonably slow tempo for the opening "Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht" by Van Beinum. She attains her best vocal expression in the final "Die zwei blauen Augen" but there is, otherwise, too much that is uncertain in pitch and phraseology for consistent enjoyment.

Delibes in Depth

DELIBES: *"Coppelia." Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* London LL 1717-18, $3.98.

THOSE WHO LIKE to distinguish between ballet conductors and conductors for ballet will find Ansermet one of the lingering examples of the latter at its best. Inferentially, Ansermet has affirmed this in his conducting of Stravinsky and Ravel as well as in such occasional digressions as the Rossini-Respighi "Boutique Fantastique," but in all of these other musical values have dominated the balletic.

In this riotous experience we are in the pit with Ansermet from first to last, but instead of viewing dancers poised on point or lines of coryphees coming and going, we can combine all the "Coppelias" of our imagination—Slavenska, Nerina, Danilova—into one super-dancer worthy of this surpassingly deft, remarkably refined performance of Delibes's still unsurpassed score.

For those who want a quick sample of his method at its most effective, an inch or two of side four is recommended. This is given over largely to the "Fete of the Bells" in which Delibes outdid himself in imaginative, richly orchestrated divertissements. London's current recording techniques give the Swiss orchestra a more glossy sound than ever before.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Gide and Stravinsky

STRAVINSKY: *"Persephone," Igor Stravinsky conducting the New York Philharmonic with Vera Zorina, Richard Robinson, tenor, and The Westminster Choir, Dr. John Finley Williamson, Director.* Columbia ML 5196, $3.98.

STRAVINSKY: *"Persephone," André Cluytens conducting Orchestre des Concerts du Conservatoire with Claude Nollier, Nicolai Gedda, tenor, and Chorale de L'Universite de Paris.* Angel Records 35404, $4.98.

IN 1933 Ida Rubinstein, who had gained fame as a patroness of the arts as well as a member of the Diaghilev ballet, commissioned Stravinsky to write music for the text of a poem by Andre Gide, inspired by the Homeric Hymn to Demeter. Stravinsky's "Persephone" is called a "melodrama," not because it is romantic with a happy ending but because, according to the French and German traditions, it is a type of musical composition with a recitative, accompanied by music, that is spoken (instead of being sung) by an actor.

Gide's poem describes in three parts Persephone's abduction into the Underworld; her stay there, her yearning for earth, and her return; and her final decision to go back to the Underworld, this time of her own free will.

Stravinsky's score is terse and dramatic, unsensual, intellectual, and "atmospheric." It contains choruses, arias, instrumental interludes, and accompaniment to the recitative—all blended into a whole, as if it were a symphonic composition or had a sonata form, which it does not. It is somber, not to say solemn, in character and moves slowly, unruffled. Chaste and noble, it has no flashy colors of the "Firebird," and only occasionally is it reminiscent of "Sacre du Printemps." But it has a compelling magic of its own, evoking weird images of the Underworld.

Just before its first performance at the Paris Opera in 1934, Stravinsky made a statement to the press, sort of a manifesto. Anticipating criticism for using Gide's text in his own way, sometimes breaking up words to suit the musical needs, he said that he wanted "nothing but syllables—beautiful, strong syllables."

"Music is not thought," he went on. "We say 'crescendo' and 'diminuendo,' but music which is really music does not swell or subside according to the temperature of the action. I do not exteriorize. I hold that music is given us to create order, to carry us from an anarchial, individual condition to a regulated condition, thoroughly conscious and provided with guaranties of enduring vitality. . . ."

He said that when emotion becomes conscious it is already cold and set, and he warned the public that he was against orchestral effects as means of embellishment. "The crowd expects the artist to tear out his own entrails and exhibit them. That is what is held to be the noblest expression of art and called personality, individuality, temperament and so on. . . . This score, as it is written and as it must remain in the archives of our time, forms a piece with the tendencies repeatedly asserted in my previous works. It is a sequel to 'Oedipus Rex,' to the 'Symphonie des Psalmes,' to the 'Capriccio,' to the Violin Concerto, and to the Duo Concertante—in short to a progression from which the spectacular is absent without the absence affecting the autonomous life of the works. . . .

"Nothing of all this originates in a caprice of my own. I am on a perfectly sure road. There is nothing to discuss or to criticize. One does not criticize anybody or anything that is functioning. A nose is not manufactured: a nose just is. Thus, too, my art."

I HERE quote Mr. Stravinsky at length because we owe this declaration—one of his rare confidences—to the creation of his "Persephone." I find his remarks interesting, for it is Mr. Stravinsky who has made them, although with some of them I do not agree and some I do not understand at all.

Of these two recordings I would chose the Angel rendition because I prefer to listen to the noble French of Claude Nollier, as it is spoken at the Comedie-Francaise, than hear Vera Zorina's almost-but-not-quite French. Nollier's delivery accounts for the pathos that rings true and penetrating in this version. But I must admit that Richard Robinson (on the Columbia recording) sounds better than Nicolai Gedda of the French team. André Cluytens gives a wonderful performance, and yet there is always the annoying thought that, after all, Stravinsky should really know better how it goes.

—VICTOR SEROFF.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 2 in B flat. Bach: Concerto No. 1 in D minor. Glenn Gould, piano, with orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML 5211, $3.98.	Whether this performance of Beethoven reproduces all the elements that made the performance of last spring so stimulating, only a comparison with a tape of the broadcast could determine. I am conscious of some unresolved tensions in the recording that had not intruded into the performance of an interaction which results more in a contest than a collaboration. The merely stirring becomes dramatic, the dramatic, theatrical. In the Bach, which is more neutral, emotionally, the excellent musical impulses on both sides fuse more solidly into an entity. Very good sound.
Cherubini: Symphony in D. Carlo Zecchi conducting the Vienna Symphony. Weber: Symphony No. 2 in C. Willem van Otterloo conducting the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra. Epic LC 3402, $3.98.	An uncommonly attractive pairing of two "minor" symphonies which nevertheless contain much fine music. They are especially interesting for the light they throw on the kind of music being written in the years when Beethoven was reshaping the whole concept of symphonic content. Both are performed with care and insight even though Zecchi does not animate the Cherubini as Toscanini did with the NBC Symphony. Much better sound, of course, than the reminder of that collaboration, finely paired with the resonant Dutch product.
Debussy: "Images" ("Gigues," "Iberia," "Rondes de Printemps"). Ataulfo Argenta conducting the orchestra of the Suisse Romande. London LL 1735, 3.98.	Having speculated on the possibilities of Argenta as an interpreter of "Iberia" (on the occasion last summer when his omnibus Spanish issue appeared) I find a solid satisfaction in the results as issued. Argenta adds something, in atmosphere and propulsiveness, that even the average good conductor misses. His rhythmic sense and way of caressing a melodic line are especially evident in a languorously beautiful playing of "Les parfums de la nuit." "Gigues" and "Rondes de Printemps" (Nos. 1 and 3 in the Debussy sequence) are grouped together on side 1, an intelligent way of solving the problem of how not to interrupt "Iberia." They are well played but without the special distinction Argenta brings to "Iberia." Solid sound.
Grieg: "Peer Gynt" (Suites 1 and 2), "Lyric Suite." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra with Eileen Farrell, soprano. RCA Victor LM 2125, $3.98.	The "Peer Gynt" performance does not match the superbly flavorful one of Beecham recently issued, nor is the "Lyric Suite" graced by the kind of charm lavished upon it by the late Eric Tuxen. Both, however, have a high degree of Fiedler's own workmanship, and, in the Nocturne of the "Lyric Suite" a degree of warmly shaped orchestral tone not to be denied. Miss Farrell sings Solveig's "Sunshine Song" (in English) with a good deal of distinction, if more voice than it requires. Powerful recording, though the climax of the "March of the Dwarfs" is hardly pixieish.
Mendelssohn: "Midsummer Night's Dream." Peter Maag conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, with Jennifer Vyvyan and Marion Lowe sopranos, plus the Covent Garden chorus. London LL 1707, 3.98.	The high points are rather stunted in this workmanlike but neither imaginative nor musically sophisticated collection of excerpts. In addition to the customary suite, the choices include the Intermezzo and Dance of the Clowns for orchestra, plus "Yon spotted snakes" and the finale, in which voices are utilized. All this is capably rendered in the recording, but not on the artistic level of Toscanini, Beecham, or Reiner.
Moussorgsky-Burns: "Pictures at an Exhibition." Lecuona-Burns: "Andalucia." Arranged and directed by Ralph Burns. Decca DL 8555, $3.98.	This is a full circle from the Whiteman kind of "syncopated classics," in which the resources of a slightly amplified dance band (seven brass and nine reeds, plus rhythm) are utilized in a paraphrase of the original. The piano is used, at some points, as in Moussorgsky's original, and some of the faster pieces ("Tuileries" and "Ballet of the Little Chicks") come off well as scherzo interludes, but the tonal resources are otherwise meager in color and dynamic power. The Lecuona suite fits the treatment better, perhaps because the jaunty rhythms are more suitable to the players themselves.
Moussorgsky-Ravel: "Pictures at an Exhibition." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35430, $4.98.	A soundly produced, never overproduced version of Ravel's orchestral show piece, to which the exceptional abilities of the Philharmonia's solo personnel make notable contributions. Karajan's skill in blending his colors transparently while preserving a shimmering surface sheen gives him a result close to the Ansermet standard. The imagery in the pieces themselves, however, is not as vivid as it is in the Toscanini version. The sound is far superior.
Rossini-Respighi: "Boutique Fantasque." Dukas: "L'Apprenti Sorcier." Georg Solti conducting the Israel Philharmonic. London LL 1715, $3.98.	The seemingly odd combination of elements represents an on the spot expedition to Israel's new concert hall by London's engineers. The results are excellent, though the surroundings are unfamiliar. Solti attains a high level of performance in the "Boutique Fantasque," which still leaves the results short of London's own previous effort with Ansermet. In the Dukas the orchestra shows itself equal to any of the European orchestras below the select few in the top bracket.
Schumann: Concerto in A minor. Weber: Konzertstück in F minor. Friedrich Gulda, piano, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Volkmar Andrae. London LL 1589, 3.98.	A singularly sympathetic performance of Schumann, in which all the virtuoso requirements are met within a design of musicianship and fine ensemble. Gulda's performance has sparkle and vivacity, but also the underlying sentiment that makes the work the inexhaustible joy that it is. The lesser work of Weber does not draw as much from him, but it is well comprehended. Andrae marks his ascent to a major label with relaxed, well-phrased performances of the orchestral scores. Both elements are accorded recording of uncommon richness.
Strauss: "Ein Heldenleben." Karl Böhm conducting the Saxon State Orchestra. Decca DL 9927, $3.98.	A fully formed, solidly sonorous performance of Strauss's autobiographical tone poem, though lacking the qualities for ultimate achievement either as performance or interpretation. The recent versions of Reiner and Ormandy outdo it in one respect, the older ones of Beecham, Reiner, and Strauss himself in the other.
Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake" excerpts. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5201, $3.98.	One of the best Columbia records of anything in a considerable time, brilliantly performed by the virtuoso ensemble, monumentally solid and beautifully proportioned in the reproduction. Stereo experimentation doubtless has something to do with it, but we have rarely heard so high and deep a perspective of orchestral sound, or in colors more suitable to the subject matter. The players take to it like swans to water.
Tchaikovsky: "Aurora's Wedding." Milan Horvath conducting the Ballets Russes orchestra. Concert Hall XH 1504, $3.98.	One of a series of issues by the "International Ballet Guild" which purports to reproduce authentic ballet atmosphere by means of pictures and commentary. The playing is not quite as bad as the name might suggest, but not nearly as good as other "commercial" ventures. —Irving Kolodin.

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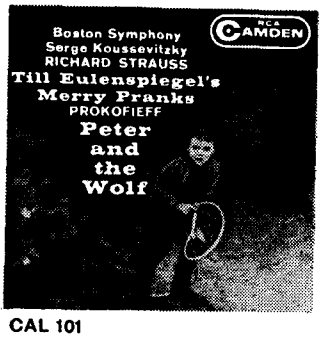

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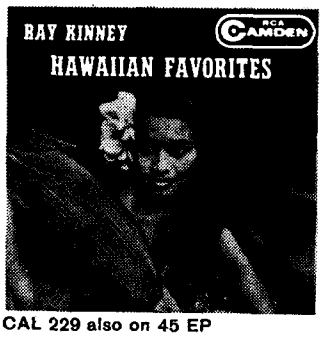

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Sonata in G minor; Hindemith: Sonata for English horn, Sonata for Oboe; Dutilleux: Sonata for Oboe. Berkshire Woodwind Ensemble. UN LP 1028, $3.98.	Louis Speyer, who has been for years the English horn soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, plays all of the music of this disc with artistry and discrimination. He has a harder task to make himself heard in the Hindemith than in the other works, the nature of Hindemith's piano writing being as it is. Daniel Pinkham is the harpsichordist for the Bach, David Barnett the pianist for the Hindemith and Dutilleux: the latter an intricate work which is at its best when most strongly suggestive of Poulenc.
Beethoven: Septet in E flat, Op. 20. Berlin Philharmonic Chamber Music ensemble. Decca DL 9934, $3.98.	Cohesive, well-prepared performance which profits from a particularly thoughtful attention to the reproduction of the lower instruments—bass, bassoon, etc. In consequence, it is the most satisfying in sound of the several versions now current, as well as their equal in execution.
Chopin: Sonata in B flat minor, Schumann: "Carnaval." Sergei Rachmaninoff, piano. CAL 396, $1.98.	A pair of legendary performances, of which the superb "Carnaval" seems to me truer to the nature of the work, with its sudden flashes of exhilaration and tenderness, than the somewhat theatricalized Chopin sonata. At the same time, the drama of the Funeral March is conveyed with an intensity and range of tonal contrast rare among today's younger performers. Apparently the metal sources for the Schumann were in better condition than the Chopin, which is marred by considerable background noise.
Di Capua: "O Sole Mio," and other Neapolitan songs. Giuseppe di Stefano, tenor. Angel 35469, $4.98.	Nobody could deny the abundance or the liquid flow of the sound di Stefano lavishes on this fragrant favorite or such others of the Neapolitan genre as Tosti's "Marechiare," de Curtis's "Torna a Surriento," or Cardillo's "Core 'ngrato," but he was a better man for the job before he acquired apparently unshakeable operatic mannerisms. Good sound, if a little over-ripe for the purpose.
Grieg: "Lyric Pieces" (opus 12, 38, 43, 47, 54, 57, 62, 65, 68, and 71). Walter Gieseking, piano. Angel Nos. 35450-1, $4.98.	The late Gieseking's affection for these pieces was well-known through his recording career, and it is an enduring blessing that he included this far-ranging project in the activities that preceded his suddenly unforeseeable death. From the total of sixty-six "Lvriske Stykker," Gieseking has selected thirty-four mingling such familiar delights as "Erotik" and "To Spring" with the less favored but equally well-flavored "Peace of the Woods" and "Bell-Ringing." Gieseking's broad striding artistic impulse carries the listener irresistibly with him, in a masterly demonstration of what makes piano playing great. Fine sound.
Handel: Siciliana and Gigue, Adagio, Allegro; Corelli: Gigue; Ravel: "Pièce en forme de Habanera," etc. Reginald Kell, clarinet, with Brooks Smith, piano. Decca DL 9926, $3.98.	Kell's clarinetic virtuosity is consistent in all these pieces, his artistry likewise of a high order. However, they are decidedly variable in adaptability to the instrument, especially in the case of the Beethoven-Kreisler "Rondino," which sounds rather lethargic at the tempo it is taken here. The Benjamin-Primrose "Jamaican Rhumba," on the other hand, comes off very well. The Smith piano fares better in the recording than the Kell clarinet, which tends to sound a little shrill.
Haydn: Quartets in C (opus 74, No. 1), and G (opus 77, No. 1). Juilliard String Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2168, $3.98.	Energy and discipline abound in these performances, which show the Juilliard Quartet to be as adept in Haydn as they are in the contemporary literature with which they have a primary identification. A little more lightness and not quite so much of a down-to-earth accentuation from first violinist Robert Mann would give the playing a sparkle it now lacks in the fast movements. Excellent reproduction, especially in the just treatment of the 'cello.
Mozart: Quintet in C (K. 515). Amadeus Quartet, plus Cecil Aronowitz, second viola. Angel 45020, $3.98.	A solid, well-balanced performance of this great work, which reaches a height of contrapuntal dexterity in the finale which is extraordinary even for Mozart. If there is a complaint, it would relate to a certain objectivity throughout which leaves the results short of those previously achieved by the Pro Arte ensemble. Much fuller sound, needless to say, in the present highly-finished product.
Schubert: Sonata in A (Op. 162), Sonatinas (Op. 137, Nos. 1 and 3). Joseph Fuchs, violin, with Artur Balsam, piano. Decca DL 9922, $3.98.	Few know these works other than violinists, and few violinists know them as well as Fuchs, who provides just the mixture of candor and affection in his sound to compliment the sentiments they contain. The "late" opus numbers are, of course, misleading; they are posthumously published works of Schubert's nineteenth and twentieth years, full of melodic freshness and those qualities of "heart" unique to this composer. The A major, longer and more ambitious than the sonatinas, is superbly performed by both men, whose balanced abilities are handsomely conveyed by the bright, spacious recording.
Schumann: "Etudes Symphoniques," "Kreisleriana." Wilhelm Kempff, piano. Decca DL 9948, $3.98.	Refinement and structural knowledge abound in Kempff's performances, qualities which are especially valuable in the tightly knit, highly schematized writing of the "Etudes" in variation form. There is also a greater plastic sense and more flexibility of outline than one associates with Kempff's playing of Mozart, Beethoven, or Brahms. However, the kind of impulsive, playful urge that is required to make the "Kreisleriana" a reasonable approximation of the composer's purpose is rarely present. Fine piano sound.
Spohr: Octet in E, Op. 32. Poot: Octet. The Vienna Octet. London LL 1610, $3.98.	Music could hardly provide a greater contrast than that presented by the elegant pleasantries of Spohr and the acerbic introspection of Poot. The latter, a contemporary Belgian in his fifties, has a highly developed sense of chamber music values, which—in such a performance as this one—makes his work well worth listening to. Spohr's Octet, with its variations on the theme used by Handel for his "Harmonious Blacksmith," is a rather faded reminder of a time when he was considered worthy of discussion in terms of Beethoven. Both are done with a full measure of the skills associated with the fine first-desk men of the Vienna Philharmonic. Excellent reproduction.
Verdi: "Volta la terra fronte" and "Saper vorreste" ("Un Ballo") and "Caro Nome" ("Rigoletto"); Rossini: "Una voce poco fa" ("Il Barbiere") and "Bel raggio" ("Semiramide"); Mozart: "Zefiretti lusinghieri" ("Idomeneo"), etc. Rita Streich, soprano, with orchestras directed by Artur Rother and Ferdinand Leitner. Decca DL 9943, $3.98.	Vocally, Miss Streich is a credit to the two influences which shaped her: Mario Ivogün and Erna Berger, than which little more need be said. She also pronounces the texts of the Verdi and Rossini excerpts, or the Meyerbeer ("Nobles seigneurs, salut") and Thomas ("Je suis Titania") as fluently as those in her native German. As has been heard from her previous operatic work, she is also a fine musician and conscientious artist. What is lacking here and there is a more personal participation in the situations and moods that produce the music she sings. However, one could hardly hear more gloriously carefree vocal art than she offers in "Ruhe sanft, mein holdes Leben from "Zaïde." —I. K.

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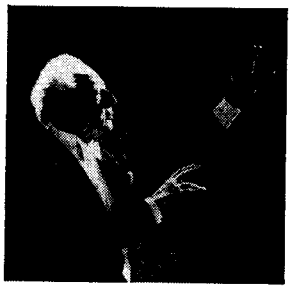

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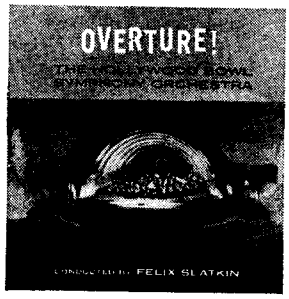

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Tapes in Review

Bach, in Part

BACH: *Christmas Oratorio. Guenther Ramin conducting the Hamburg Chamber Orchestra, with the St. Thomas Choir (Leipzig), and Helga Gabriel, soprano, Ursula Boese, alto, Leo Larsen, tenor, and Jakob Staempfli, bass.* Concert Hall stereophonic tape CHT/BN-21-2, $23.90.

THE TIMELINESS, as well as the timelessness, of Bach's Christmas Oratorio would seem to indebt us doubly to Concert Hall for its recording of this Leipzig performance in Bach's own St. Thomas Church under the direction of so distinguished a Bach scholar as the late Guenther Ramin. The album, however, is misleadingly labeled. Although the cover gives no indication, the two reels enclosed contain only the first three of the six cantatas Bach composed for the celebration of the Nativity.

Also disturbing is the quality of a performance that one might logically expect to find reflecting the vigorous tradition of its setting and the personal dedication of its conductor. If these are present, it is only dimly and occasionally throughout a traversal that is curiously flaccid, uneven, and wanting in the stout-heartedness with which Bach affirmed his faith. How much of this may be due to possible recording difficulties and how much to the absence of vitalizing leadership is hard to say. Poor acoustics or poor microphone placement might account for the fact that during much of the performance the St. Thomas choristers are severely over-balanced by the small, efficient corps of instruments, but mechanical hazards can hardly be blamed for the choir's indifferent diction and absence of style.

Ramin's devotion and authority have guaranteed a performance that is authentic and intact in its smaller details. No excisions or curtailments have been permitted, and no attempt has been made to inflate the scale of the work, either in performance or in the recording laboratory. Such considerations are laudable, but they constitute rather passive virtues. What one misses is the affirmative vigor of the baroque spirit—something wholly alien to the sluggish musical pulse and weakly-articulated projection that is offered here.

There are so few recordings of this music that one must, of course, be grateful when any fresh viewpoint is made accessible. Fairly old recordings by Vox and Remington are on LP discs, and while I am not familiar with the former, I am somewhat better acquainted with Remington's 1950 waxing of the uncut manuscript on four 12-inch discs (Rem. 199-118), in which Hans Grischkat and the musicians of Stuttgart perform in heartening style. Despite its relative antiquity, the disc, in my opinion, has it considerably over the present two-channel edition, even in the matter of recording clarity.

Well-Cracked Chestnut

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Nutcracker" Suite, performed by the Symphony of the Air.* Concertapes stereophonic 24-8, $11.95.

The same. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor stereo-orthophonic BCS-62, $8.95.

"Nutcracker" Ballet (concert version). Artur Rodzinski conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London. Sonotape stereophonic SWB-9002, $17.95.

THIS INGRATIATING ballet music has become so popular a feature of the holiday season it is scarcely surprising that presentations of it should simultaneously make their appearance on three different labels this month.

In certain respects, the familiar Suite as performed by the Symphony of the Air is most noteworthy, not only because the recording has preserved the spaciousness and resonance of its Carnegie Hall setting, but also because of the sense of drama animating the efforts of an orchestra that elected to perform without conductor upon the retirement of its revered maestro, Toscanini. Recorded shortly after the re-formed ensemble's debut concert a few seasons ago, the performance testifies to the group's fine esprit de corps.

The Suite's eight episodes are propelled brightly and with a sense of overall pattern that must have become ingrained upon the group's musical thinking over the years. For its present effort it had, in any case, a reliable frame of reference in its own recording made with the maestro for Victor (LM 1986—LRY 9000) when it was still the NBC Symphony.

Arthur Fiedler, with one or more versions of the Suite already to his credit, has lately chalked up still another recording of it for Victor, released on disc some months ago and now available on stereotape as well. The performance is marked by his usual directness and vigor, but the music emerges less well detailed than in either of its other performances considered here.

The well-drilled orchestra is adept and responsive, but in this performance it seems to lack buoyancy. The Waltz of the Flowers is heavy-footed, the Trepak whipped to an unlikely frenzy that points up the rather disjunct contouring of the overall suite.

Sonotape's release falls into a slightly different category, for in it the suite is incorporated in a concert version that presents all of the ballet's important episodes. These latter seldom fall below an agreeable level of interest, but they also serve to prove that the suite still comprises the engaging portions of the score.

Rodzinski's approach is both cordial and orderly, and the orchestra (apocryphally titled though it may be) performs with animation and a deft touch for the music's blithe character. The sound is especially spacious, although some adjustment may be desirable to compensate for the overemphasized bass.

Whose Zoo?

SAINT-SAENS: *"Carnival of the Animals." Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* Sonotape stereophonic SWB-8026, $11.95.

THE TREND TOWARD ever greater "realism" in recording has been given a (somewhat oblique) nudge forward in this gay little tour through Saint-Saens' gallery of musical caricatures. Now, even the animals in the Bronx zoo can boast of having made their debut on stereo.

To accomplish this, Westminster engineers spent several days on stereophonic safari, stalking their game with peanuts and sugar. The reward of their efforts, along with a narration by Garry Moore of John Burt's amusing couplets, was then dubbed on a tape of the Saint-Saens score as performed by Scherchen and the Viennese ensemble.

The result of this adventuring is an unusually lively and provocative edition, in which seeming irreconcilables have been compatibly juxtaposed. Although the animals sound startlingly near at hand, their vocalizing does not intrude upon the musical portions. In these, Scherchen's sense of parody finds apt employment, the orchestra performs zestfully, and the teamwork of duo-pianists Josef and Grete Dichler is spirited and crisp.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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Peter and the Wolf
(Side 1) by Prokofieff; Garry Moore, Narrator. Philharmonic Symphony of London, Conducted by Artur Rodzinski.

Carnival of the Animals
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Recordings Reports: Pre-recorded Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berlioz: "Reverie and Caprice." Saint-Saëns: "Havanaise"; Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso." Aaron Rosand, violin, with Rolf Reinhardt conducting the Southwest German Radio Orchestra, Baden-Baden. Phonotape S-712, $11.95.	An animated, musicianly performance makes this a congenial addition to the stereo catalog—particularly the Berlioz piece, which does not seem to have been previously recorded in high fidelity. Rosand projects the violin's considerable role with authority and receives first-class cooperation from Reinhardt and a well disciplined orchestra. Stereo's illusive power defines the solo voice easily amid its orchestral setting, but sensible engineering has kept all factors in true proportion.
Brahms: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. Erica Morini, violin, with Artur Rodzinski conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London. Sonotape SWB-9005, $17.95.	Miss Morini's carefully considered approach makes for a first movement of unusual gravity, so deliberately played as to suggest some lack of ease between soloist and conductor. In the rest of the work, however, they establish a rapport marked on Miss Morini's part by an encompassing technique and lyric warmth, and on Rodzinski's by intelligently modeled support. This release of their performance (it is also on Westminster disc 18600) has the full depth and definition of good multi-channel recording, and is especially faithful to the rounded sweetness of Miss Morini's tone.
Christmas Hymns and Carols, Vol. I. Robert Shaw Chorale, directed by Shaw. RCA Victor CCS-86, $10.95.	Well groomed singing and skillful direction make these twelve a cappella items an ingratiating holiday package. Tasteful arrangements by Shaw and Alice Parker explore the choir's pliancy and tonal richness in devotional settings that range from Praetorius to "Silent Night," with everything eloquently set forth on a clean, quiet tape.
Deutschmeister on Parade. The Deutschmeister Band conducted by Julius Herrmann. Sonotape SWB-7004, $6.95.	Anyone whose pulse doesn't quicken when this redoubtable group strikes up is too old to appreciate hi-fi. For more than 200 years (except those of the Nazi occupation) this regimental band has been lifting Viennese spirits with its swashbuckling rhythms, and more lately has become known in America through Westminster records. The present tape, bearing six lusty marching tunes, is in the nature of an advance sampler heralding the band's projected visit (its first since 1893) early next year.
Handel: "Messiah" excerpts. Thompson Stone conducting the Zimbler Sinfonietta, the Chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and soloists. (Livingston) Boston BO 7-9, $11.95.	These excerpts are from the complete performance, recorded in Boston's Symphony Hall and released on Unicorn discs two years ago as the first American recording of the entire work. Soloists are Adele Addison (soprano), Lorna Sydney (contralto), David Lloyd (tenor), and Donald Gramm (bass), all of whom are excellent and in the case of Miss Addison, superb. The well-trained choral units sing with strong attacks, supple phrasing and exceptionally clear diction. Spaciousness and sonority are among the tape's enlivening factors, but no attempt has been made artificially to inflate the music's natural grandeur.
Ibert: "Escales." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor ACS-57, $6.95.	Orchestral finesse and transparency are mandatory for this evocative music, and these the Boston players can furnish in full degree. This is the kind of music, exotic yet lucid, that Munch seems to approach with especial relish, and he conducts it with appropriate concern for both factors. However, the present skimpy packaging of tapes leaves this one with overpowering competition from the corresponding disc (LM 2111) released in a well-annotated album that also contains "La Mer."
Khachaturian: "Gayne" Ballet Suite. Moussorgsky: "A Night on Bald Mountain," etc. George Weldon conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Mercury MDS 5-6, $12.95.	Completing the album are Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Flight of the Bumble Bee." Weldon's approach to all of this is pretty conventional, and his reluctance to exploit orchestral timbres other than strings and percussion presents the music with only nominal effectiveness. Tape is sufficiently vital, but for pieces so vividly scored little advantage is taken of stereo's reproductive fidelity over the corresponding LP (Mer. 50137).
Liszt: "Mephisto" Waltz. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Sonotape SWB 7007, $6.95.	A strongly individual approach lends this an unfamiliar, although not unagreeable, cast. Scherchen's Mephisto is a sly devil, sinuous and mocking, as limned in the broad rubatos and novel accentuation that characterize this interpretation. The orchestra plays resiliently, with vibrant tone and textural clarity, but the result sounds more like Scriabin than Liszt.
Strauss: Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier." Weber: "Invitation to the Dance." Heinrich Hollreiser conducting the Bamberg Symphony. Phonotape S-711, $11.95.	A pedestrian effort all around gets very little out of these ingratiating waltzes. The Weber piece fares somewhat better than the Strauss, for which Hollreiser seems to have scant resources of breadth or sentiment, being content apparently to trace the music's surface outlines with a minimum of shading. The orchestra does not play very proficiently, either, to judge by the incidence of fluffed passages. All of which is a pity, for the tape is excellently processed.
Tchaikovsky: "1812 Overture." Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Sonotape SWB 7002, $6.95.	As in his disced encounters with this music (Westminster 7043, 18283) Scherchen here wastes none of his ammunition until the battle is joined. Until then he holds his orchestral forces in check, so that the music's culminating extravagances sound properly overwhelming, although this is accomplished, in the present recording, at some cost of momentum throughout. No field artillery is touched off, but the orchestra crowns its sonorous efforts with round, golden horn tones in the terminal bars. The engineering of a tape so heavily weighted has been judiciously done.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4. Artur Rodzinski conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London. Sonotape SWB 9001, $17.95.	Rodzinski gives this a solid, straightforward exposition that hews to the musical structure, but with no sacrifice of dramatic color or instrumental detail. The orchestra is sweet-toned, with none of the thickness noted last month in its performance of Beethoven's Fifth. As is usual with Rodzinski, the music emerges as all of a piece, logically planned, scrupulously executed. The tape is excellent, and the ease with which stereo transmits the full orchestral volleys without distortion or peaking is balm to the aural nerves.
The Sound Of Christmas: "Adeste Fidelis," etc. John Halloran Choir, with orchestra conducted by Leonard Sorkin. Concertapes 505, $7.95.	A five-inch reel that contains unpretentious offerings of six well-loved songs, among them "O, Little Town of Bethlehem" (sung with refreshing simplicity), "Jingle Bells," and the melody of "Greensleeves" set to a Yule text. The vocal quality of the mixed chorus is sweet, unforced, and while the arrangements (for which no credit is given) are nothing very special, they add to the agreeable effect.
Wagner: "Tannhäuser" Overture and Venusberg Music (Paris Version). Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor BCS-55, $8.95.	Munch invests the Overture with full dramatic weight, and whips the Bacchanale to an electrifying crescendo, but his finely controlled dynamics make even this expansive effect seem a logically-arrived-at part of the musical totality. Pliancy, eloquence, and bright, full-bodied tone are contributed by the orchestra, while Munch's ardent approach, along with stereo's reproductive sensitivity, make for an unusually compelling performance. Well processed tape.

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Herrmann

Continued from page 43

to himself in relation to a piece of music—never has he said "my interpretation," "my music," but always his comment has been about the joy and excitement of the music at hand. One has the impression that he is rediscovering the music anew and afresh every day of his life. His interest in new music is avid and full of curiosity. All one needs to do is mention a new work—or an unfamiliar composer—and he immediately wants the score. His friendship and kindness to modern composers, and his valiant work on their behalf, need hardly be chronicled by me. Only a great artist could so unselfishly and with such generosity give of his time and efforts to further the music of his contemporaries.

As an interpreter of the classics of the eighteenth century, his performances have great elegance and warmth, and at the same time an irresistible rhythmic outpouring. One of the finest examples may be heard in his recording of Haydn's Symphony "La Poule." It is my opinion that his recording of Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony, made some years ago, remains the finest performance of this work available on records, nor has it been my experience to have encountered a superior performance in concert. For this work remains one of his *chefs d'oeuvre* and it is ideally suited to him, musically. His passionate presentation of this work is a remarkable achievement and should certainly be made available on LPs.

As an interpreter of Elgar he is unique in that he imparts to this music a fervor that it rarely gets and so much demands. Fine examples are his recordings of the Second Symphony and the "Enigma Variations." His personal vision of the "Dream of Gerontius" is such a moving experience that I am certain, if it were captured in a recording, it would enrich the lives of thousands of music lovers.

Sir John and the Hallé are now busy making a new set of recordings, and for this we must be grateful. For without the opportunity of hearing this orchestra in person, records remain our only source. We may be well and deeply appreciative that today in Manchester, through the medium of a magnificent orchestra that has been welded and molded by Sir John Barbirolli, the volcanic art of imaginative orchestral playing and leadership is being carried on in a great tradition—one of the few traditions of music worth preserving.

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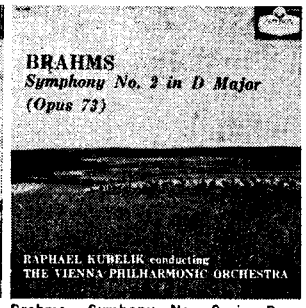

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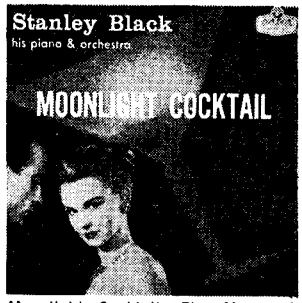

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THE OTHER SIDE

"PARASTAT" AND ELECTROSTATIC SPEAKER

DECCA has at last allowed us a brief glance behind the iron curtain of secrecy which had so far hidden its stereo-disc plans from the public gaze. Provided that a trade recession does not undermine the economic stability of the record industry in the meantime, next autumn should witness the commercial launching of microgroove stereophony, and thus another notable milestone in the history of the gramophone will have been reached. For the present, however, other technical developments of no little consequence vie for our attention. One of them is the "Parastat," a strange-looking device developed by Cecil Watts (for many years now a leading light in the British Sound Recording Association) which, it is asserted, will effectively eliminate static electricity from microgroove discs. Watts has already devoted much time and thought to this problem, and his "Dust Bug" is by common consent the most successful record-cleaning gadget on the market.

The "Parastat," however, will be no mere cleaning device but is designed to inject into the tiny crevices just under the shoulder of the groove an electrically conductive substance which provides a leakage path for static electricity. It is claimed that the treatment is permanent and that it leaves the area of contact between stylus and groove untouched; the whole operation takes only a few seconds. The "Parastat" is unlikely to gain wide currency in the home—it will probably be too costly for the average collector—but it is anticipated that, with its help, record shops will be able to offer this service to their clients and, in time, the process may be incorporated in record manufacture.

For the past three weeks the major part of my listening has involved a piece of equipment which I had been anxious to add to my "hi-fi family" ever since I first encountered it at London's first Audio Fair, in April of last year. After many disappointing delays, production of the QUAD Full-Range Electrostatic Loudspeakers began towards the end of September and, even since then, the customary greeting between hi-fi specialists is no longer "How are you?" but "Have you got yours yet?" The idea of listening to first-class, reproduced sound involving no cone, no magnet, and no voluminous enclosure requires some degree of mental readjustment, but already I am convinced that, barring sensational developments in other directions (such as the Ionophone, for example), the QUAD Loudspeaker represents "the shape of things to come."

In many respects it is already strikingly superior to the best of conventional systems: the treble response, in particular, is unbelievably clean, crisp, and smooth—after listening to the QUAD, even the finest moving-coil assembly sounds slightly "dirty" and curiously sluggish in dealing with transients. At the lower end of the scale however, the QUAD is less impressive than, for example, my large Voigt horn, though still very good in view of its modest size. Perhaps its most noticeable characteristic is its "neutrality," in other words the astonishing absence of coloration—what the uninitiated used to call "a nice tone"—which enables it to tell us the truth about any recording without exaggerating possible faults.

THE QUAD Loudspeaker, in its present form, is a remarkable achievement but it is not, nor was it intended to be, all things to all people. The lunatic fringe—those who use hi-fi mainly in order to sublimate their aggressive instincts—will find in it little cause for rejoicing since its capacity for handling loud volume is strictly limited, the bass does not thump nor the treble pierce your eardrums. It is not readily matched up with any amplifier you may happen to possess and its efficiency is well below that of any conventional system. On the whole it yields its best results with music employing limited forces and depending on subtle tonal shadings. Solo piano, voice and piano, violin and piano, chamber orchestra—such discs, provided they are cleanly recorded, show the QUAD speaker to be in a class all its own. The most revealing experience so far was provided by a Decca harpsichord disc (Scarlatti Sonatas played by George Malcolm: London LL 963): here, I felt, were the most enchanting and truly lifelike sounds yet heard from any recording. No less astonishing in its way was the "kindness" shown by the speaker to the re-issued Schubert B flat Trio played by Cortot, Thibaud, and Casals (vintage 1926),

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thus proving that, in its highest sense, recording quality does not date nearly as readily as suspected.

One of the most interesting of operatic issues to appear this season is Rossini's "Mosè," recorded in Naples by Philips. Half opera, half oratorio—the composer described it as a "sacred melodrama"—this work is given in its expanded Paris version (complete with rather prolonged ballet) though sung in Italian. It is fascinating music which somehow manages to find a link between late Haydn and early Verdi; Serafin is the stylish conductor but the singers, headed by Rossi-Lemeni in the title-rôle, are rather an ordinary lot except for Giuseppe Taddei's splendid Pharaoh.

Among current Archive releases we have a fine new version of Bach's Christmas Oratorio, directed by the late Fritz Lehmann and Günther Arndt. Evidently Lehmann died before the recording could be completed, for he is in charge of parts 1 to 4 while in the last two sections Arndt, who presumably had been training the combined choirs for the performance, assumes control of the talented forces lined up by DGG (Gunthild Weber, Sieglinde Wagner, Helmut Krebs, and Heinz Rehfuss are the soloists). Also from Archive comes a sensible disc of Bach Violin Concertos: Schneiderhan with the Lucerne Festival Strings plays the works in A minor and E major, and he is joined by Rudolf Baumgartner for the D minor Double Concerto. The Bach Orchestra of Berlin (conducted by Carl Gorvin), on the other hand, devotes its energies to music by Leopold Mozart: the "Cassatio ex G" for orchestra and children's instruments, and a Divertimento entitled "A Musical Sleigh-Ride."

Parlophone has released a 45 rpm Extended Play disc entitled "More Out of the Hat," which features four further numbers from the show recently favored in the U.S. by an Angel issue. It differs from the original issue in that it was recorded in the studio, not in the theatre before an audience. It includes "Too many cookers"—concerned with modern kitchen utensils and ending with the heart-rending plea: "Please don't save us labor any more!"—and a Flanders solo tour de force, his monologue about the disenchanted Wimbledon umpire ("upon whom the sun never sets"). This last number had to be slightly revised for a sound-only medium since in the theatre much of the fun was visual. If you miss the spontaneous laughter of the audience on this disc, you can easily repair the omission by inviting a group of friends to listen to it.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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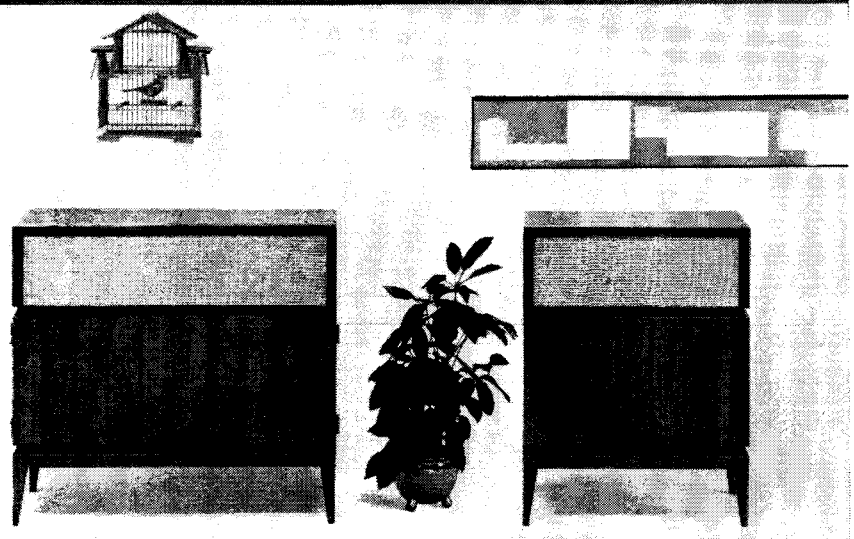

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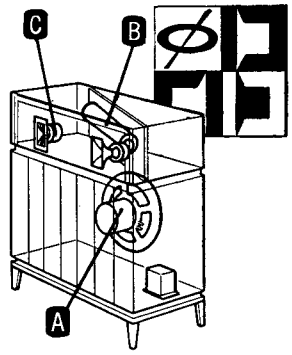

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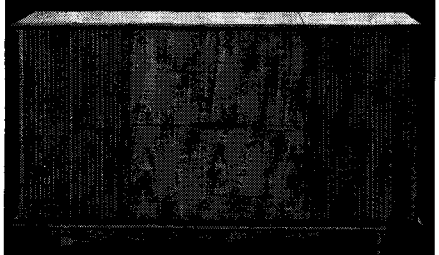

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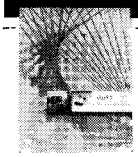

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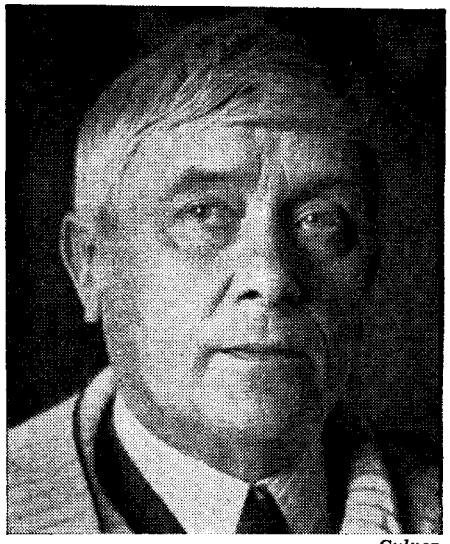

Debussy and Maeterlinck—"the unearthly fragility of the heroine." —*Culver.*

"PELLÉAS" AND "ALCESTE"

THE unveiling of the fourth complete recording of Debussy's "Pelléas and Mélisande" (Angel 3561, $15.94) seems to affirm the long harbored suspicion that this operatic *rara avis* has far more devotees than can be measured by theatrical attendance. Phonophiles, who are already accustomed to hearing the kind of Pelléas seldom experienced by their operagoing brethren, will now find their choice enriched by another Paris-made entry offering for the first time the combined attractions of Angel and Angeles. Other substantial assets of the new set are the authoritative presence of André Cluytens at the helm of the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Francaise and a cast of seasoned performers.

From the musical point of view, Victoria de los Angeles leaves little room for criticism. Her Mélisande is sung with tonal purity and with the sensitive restraint the role demands. Dramatically, however, she falls somewhat short of capturing fully the unearthly fragility of Maeterlinck's heroine. The vocal honors in the cast clearly belong to Gérard Souzay. While one could perhaps prefer a more sonorous Golaud (Hector Dufranne, who created the part in 1902 was a huge-voiced singer, as is Etcheverry in the now-deleted RCA Victor version), Souzay offers here a masterful conception of the role, sung with astonishing flexibility and expressive force, and achieves a rare blend of human passion and musical understatement. Jacques Jansen contributed a more youthful-sounding Pelléas to the RCA Victor set (recorded in 1942), but he imbues the part with evident authority and, save some instances of forcing, due artistic polish. The important minor roles are in capable hands and the entire performance benefits from the disciplined yet relaxed reading of Cluytens. Balance between voices and orchestra is exemplary and the exquisite orchestral interludes are rendered with poetic insight. The tonal realism of the Vaults Scene (Act 3) is praiseworthy. Side One, on the other hand, ends with an awkward mid-sentence interruption that should have been avoided. In sum, a pearl for Pelléasites, though London's Ansermet-led version ((LLA-11) has strong attractions no prospective buyer should overlook. —GEORGE JELLINEK.

* * *

THE most interesting facts about the new complete recording of Gluck's "Alceste" (London XLLA-49, $19.92) are that it conveys (more or less) the the original Italian version, in Italian, as first heard on December 26, 1767, in Vienna—and that the role of the noble heroine is sung by Kirsten Flagstad. When the Metropolitan Opera has produced "Alceste," it has employed (more or less) the French revision—actually a complete re-composition—of 1776.

Between the Italian "Alceste" of 1767 and the French "Alceste" of 1776, Gluck had composed "Paride ed Elena" and "Iphigénie en Aulide" and had transformed "Orfeo" et Euridice" into "Orphée et Eurydice." The decade marked off the difference between a highly gifted composer of fifty-three and a liberated genius of sixty-two, a man ready to compose

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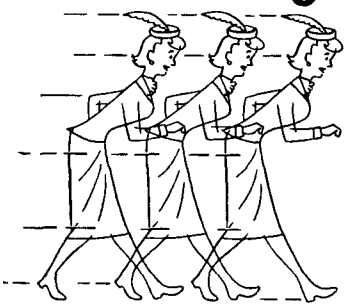
"Iphigénie en Tauride." That explains the difference between the monotonous Italian "Alceste" and the far more successfully realized French version. To compare only the most renowned of its arias, the Italian "Ombre, larve, compagne di morte" is musically and dramatically inferior to its French avatar, "Divinités du Styx." The Italian version of "Alceste," lacking the melodic richness and harmonic variety of the finest *opere serie,* nonetheless still clings to the dramatic requirements of the older form: the talkative confidants, the careful pairing of all plot elements. The French version, though marred by a ridiculous comic Hercules (usually omitted), is something far more alive. Why was the Italian version chosen for this recording? No one in the cast is Italian. Mme. Flagstad is Norwegian; Raoul Jobin, substituting for a male soprano in the role of Admetus, is French-Canadian; the other singers appear to be English. Does Mme. Flagstad not sing French? If not, would it not have been preferable to assign another soprano to the role or to have the French version sung in a good English translation? (In the latter case, I should, of course, have complained about the sacrifice of Gluck's careful shaping of his re-composed score to the facts of French prosody.)

Well, here is the Italian version. Kirsten Flagstad, with her well-recognized nobility of manner, now—at an advanced age for a soprano—more than ever lacks vocal mobility and psychological insight. She does not sing as well as she sang even five years ago. Time has eroded her top tones noticeably and the richness of all her tones to some extent. Raoul Jobin does not fall into the mistake of trying to make Admetus sympathetic or even comprehensible. Instead, he satisfies himself with singing colorlessly and exaggerating all the emotions, from puzzlement to grief to fury to joy. The minor roles are handled adequately except in the case of Ismene, sung by a soprano named Marion Lowe, who sounds unctuous and floury when she should not. Geraint Jones, conducting the "Geraint Jones Orchestra and Singers," never fails to bring out the great beauties of Gluck's instrumentation, but does nothing to keep the faint drama dramatic. The total result, superbly recorded, remains an unsuccessful compromise, a disappointment, a stopgap. For now London or some other major recording company will have to do Gluck the justice and listeners the service of issuing a complete "Alceste" with a distinguished cast in the later, greater, more affecting French version.

—Herbert Weinstock.

The Lady Came Back ...and Back ...and Back!



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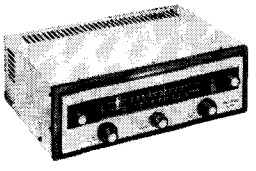

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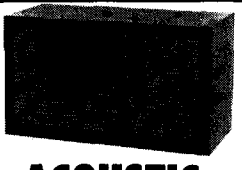

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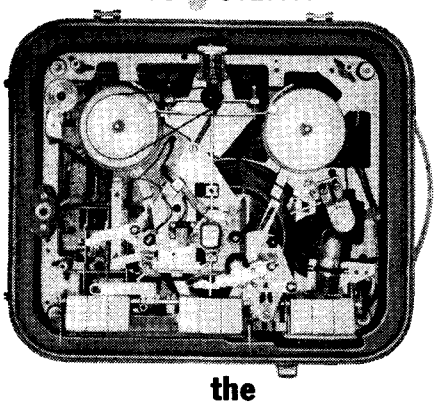

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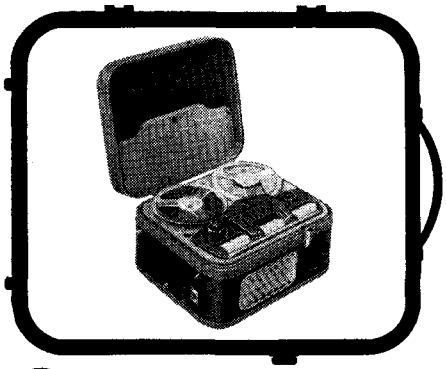

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A Schoenberg Disc-Course—I

By KURT LIST

IF ONE were to compare the important musical influences of this century—Ravel-Debussy, Stravinsky, Schoenberg—he would without question have to acknowledge that of Arnold Schoenberg as the most notable because the most radical and far reaching. Yet he would also have to admit that outside those circles whose business it is to study and experience the significant musical trends of our time Schoenberg's music, with the exception of perhaps the "Verklaerte Nacht," is still virtually unknown. Recordings of recent vintage have helped to alleviate this situation but because of the lesser accessibility of this music to the lay ear, and because of a sort of academic approach to performance by musicians scared out of their wits by the learned "theoretical" discussions of atonality, twelvetone rows, and athematic content, Schoenberg's music has had little chance to come to life as an art work of flesh and blood. It is as if everybody knew its place but only a few of its existence.

A recent recording release will do much to lay the ghost of its allegedly academic nature. Columbia Records which for a long time has stood in the forefront of disseminating contemporary music—of the two dozen Schoenberg works available on LP more than half have appeared on the Columbia label—has again done some yeoman's work by releasing Schoenberg's "Complete Piano Music," played by his disciple and keyboard apostle Edward Steuermann (ML 5216); the Quintet for Wind Instruments, Op. 26, played by the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet (ML 5216); and the opera "Moses and Aaron," performed by soloists, chorus and orchestra of the Norddeutscher Rundfunk—the North German Radio in Hamburg—under the direction of Hans Rosbaud.

Of the three releases that of the "Complete Piano Music," consisting of five different opus numbers, is the most meritorious. The titles, with the exception of the Suite, Op. 25, are always "Klavierstuecke" (piano pieces), three in Op. 11, six in Op. 19, five in Op. 23, and one each in Op. 33a and b. They afford the listener a view of Schoenberg's creative development not only in terms of his piano music but in those of his approach to creative composition in general. Steuermann once remarked, quite correctly, that "Schoenberg has most frequently written for the piano when a particularly important step had to be taken in the development that so thoroughly changed the very foundations of musical structure. Almost all of his compositions for the piano are milestones in the development of modern music." In Op. 11 we have the first work that dissolves traditional tonality and introduces a new kind of thematic treatment which departs radically from the repetitive system of thematic development in the classical norm. It is expressionism in extensiveness as opposed to the concentrated density of the short six pieces of Op. 19. In the latter the spirit of variation, as Leibowitz calls it, is reduced to its most intensive form, requiring the utmost attention on the part of the listener who is confronted (as he will be later in an even more radical way in the works of Webern) with the tightest structure that results in utmost brevity without ever becoming aphoristic.

Op. 23 introduces the deliberate use of the twelvetone technique for the first time. Texturally these pieces are perhaps a return to the world of Op. 11, but the thematic development is far more akin to a vocal than a purely pianistic line. In Op. 25 this newly gained insight is applied to earlier, preclassical forms making the structure far more accessible to the lay ear. The individual pieces of the Suite are called: Prelude, Gavotte, Musette, Intermezzo, Menuet, and Gigue, and bear formally a close resemblance to their preclassical prototypes.

Op. 33 reverts once more to the earlier extensive expressionism but in a less hectic fashion; it is as if Schoenberg's previous occupation with baroque forms had led him to a greater degree of mellowness. Each of these groups introduces a new and important piano style which exploits the resources of the instrument to the utmost but remains within the sound propensities of the piano.

Of the five groups the listener will find the Suite Op. 25 with its infectious rhythms, charming melodic inventions and the abandonment of the sombreness and introspection of Op. 11 the most engaging.

All pieces have found an ideal in-

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terpreter in Mr. Steuermann who, having premiered all of them under the composer's guidance, brings to them full authority and authenticity. Mr. Steuermann is a pianist of great technical prowess and deep musical insight; he performs the music with a warmth and clarity of expression that in the course of the years have even grown deeper and make the music come alive aside from all theoretical considerations precisely in the manner in which music should be presented.

The recorded sound of the piano is excellent with perhaps only one minor fault—the wide dynamic nuances are occasionally narrowed down on the disc and do not allow the full sway of expression that this music needs. Despite this, there is no other recording that affords the listener a more moving musical experience of or a better introduction to the world of Schoenberg.

The Wind Quintet Op. 26, whose composition falls in the time of the Suite Op. 25, is a work of quite different nature. Here for the first time Schoenberg uses the twelvetone technique in a more complicated manner —transpositions of the tone-row are now regular devices, an application that becomes the essence of his composing with twelve tones in all future works. As he reverted in the Suite to preclassical forms he now utilizes the garb of classical structure—the four movements are in sonata, scherzo, lied and rondo form respectively. Of all of Schoenberg's works this is the least accessible to the lay listener and only repeated hearings will identify to him the thematic progress that weaves in and out, going from instrument to instrument.

The Philadelphia players master the technical aspects of the intricate score superbly. Yet, they cannot always convey the continuity of the thematic material. The problem is that the necessary internal balance is not consistently maintained, so that certain passages remain obscure. The performance is most effective in the second and fourth movements where the tempi move briskly and the players manage to conjure up a plastic musical picture by juxtaposing the motility of the music with an occasional sound of wistfulness. The third movement, though clear, lacks the singing quality required to bring into focus the magnificent large span of the melodic line. But it is mainly in the first movement, assuredly the most difficult of all, that one feels a lack of coherence. The instruments are miked rather close, which allows maximum clarity, and the occasional imbalance is more a fault of the players than that of the recording engineers.

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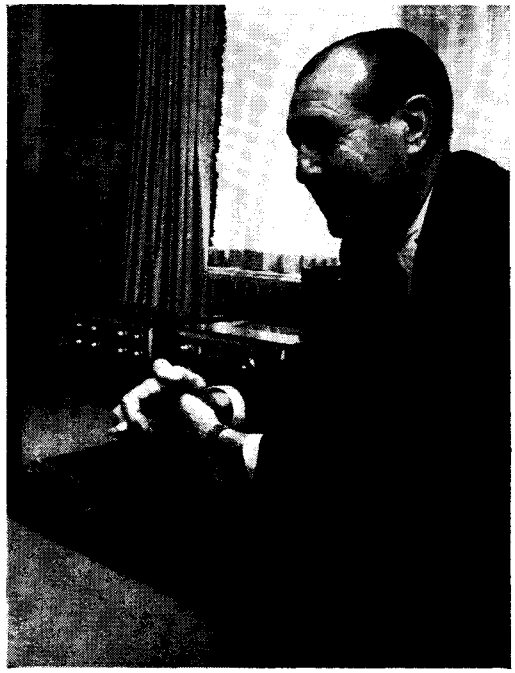

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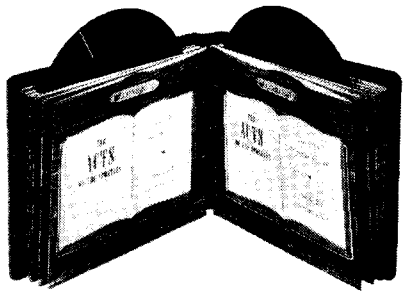

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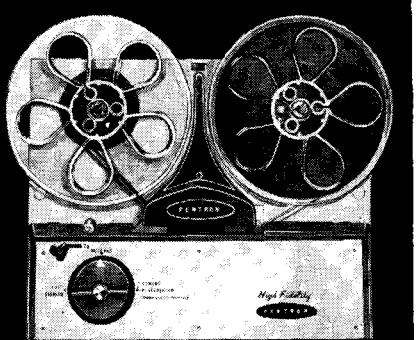

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Cardus

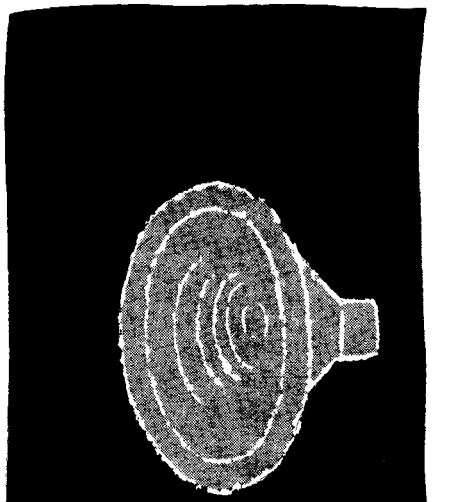
Continued from page 41

Guttenberg, Hirschberg, *und so weiter.*

When I first heard a Hallé concert, fifty years ago, Hans Richter conducted. On the basic German culture of Hallé and Richter was added in time the seeds of developing Lancashire character in music. When Richter left Manchester, after having dominated not only the Hallé Orchestra but all England's musical activities for sixteen years, Manchester for more than half a century had learned its music from German sources. And yet another German succeeded to the Hallé conductorship after the passing of Richter—Michael Balling, from Bayreuth, who held office until 1914.

It was now that the Hallé Orchestra came under the influence of Sir Thomas Beecham, himself a Lancastrian. To the solid fundamental tone established by Richter, Beecham brought the necessary lightness of touch, a Latin poise. And Beecham was followed by an Irishman, Hamilton Harty, a conductor of rare talent who mingled wit and sentiment. And today the Hallé Orchestra is enjoying a new lease of life because into a fairly cosmopolitan bloodstream Sir John Barbirolli has injected warm red corpuscles of the Italy to which he so considerably belongs, in spite of an English birthplace.

From a unique admixture of cultures, the Hallé Orchestra has in 100 years come by its present character. It is unmistakably an orchestra of blunt, uninhibited North of England character, yet at the same time long and varied traditions prevent any suspicion of provincialism. The secret of the Hallé Orchestra's individuality, and its quickness to respond to any environment it happens to find itself in, is no doubt partly guessed if we remember that in all its long history a permanent conductor has been in undisputed, not to say, absolute, control. Hallé's reign extended from 1857 to 1895; Richter's from 1895 to 1911; Balling's from 1911 to 1914; Beecham's from 1914 to the 1920s (with intervals



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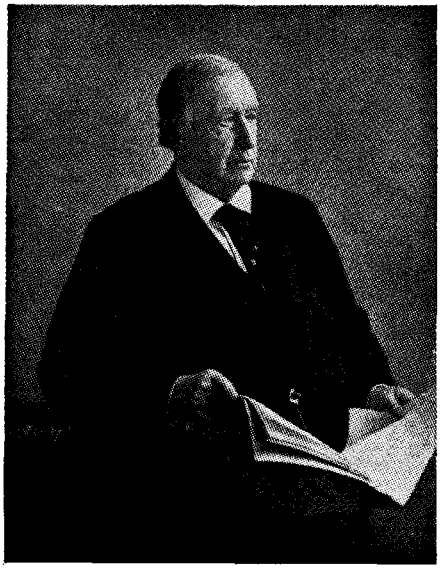
during which he was engaged elsewhere). Harty ruled supreme some dozen years. Beecham returned for a brief space until the crisis of the war, which inspired the SOS to Barbirolli in New York.

In the years of my own first acquaintance with the Hallé Orchestra, the Hallé Concerts were the exclusive privilege of the upper middle classes (as they were known then, the merchants and their families). On the printed program of the Hallé concerts was a note drawing attention to the fact that there would be "Carriages at 9:30." And carriages would proceed along Oxford Street, past the University, to the suburban pastures of Didsbury and Victoria Park. I have heard coachmen urging the horses onward in German.

The average citizen of Manchester then regarded the Hallé Concerts as an event or phenomenon far removed from the day-by-day traffic of the city's life. There was accommodation at the Hallé Concerts at this period for only a few of the *hoi polloi*—a congested space at the back of the Free Trade Hall, over what was known as the "Grid." The "Grid" was a heating apparatus of iron bars fixed in the floor whence hot air floated upward unesthetically. Subscribers to the Hallé Orchestra in the Hallé-Richter years religiously dressed every Thursday night for the concerts. Seldom was a Manchester man of that epoch, who wasn't a dweller in Victoria Park, Didsbury or Eccles, seen in evening dress. Today all Lancashire attends the Hallé Concerts; you will find in a modern Hallé audience men and women you have seen last Saturday afternoon watching the Manchester United Football Club. If a man were to go into evening dress for a Hallé Concert in 1957 he would



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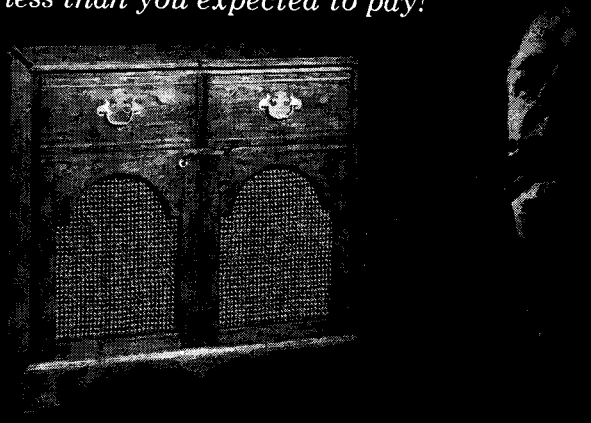

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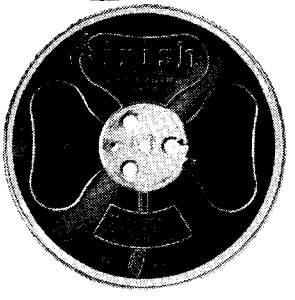

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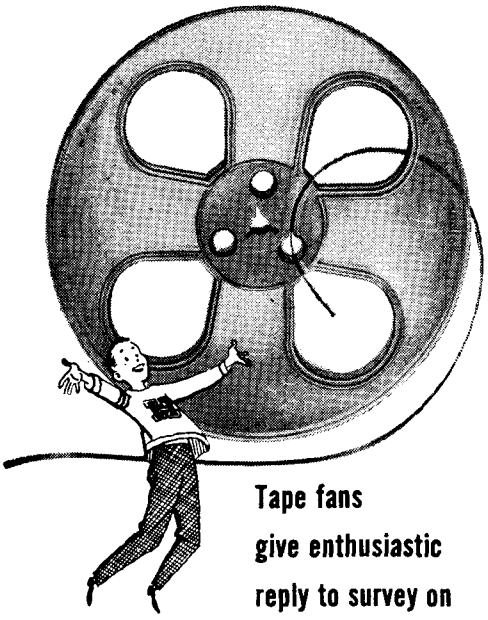

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Until recently the Hallé Orchestra existed on the strength of private donations. There have been the crises inseparable to all large bodies devoting themselves to music. During the 1914-1918 war Sir Thomas Beecham stepped in at the danger point and prevented disintegration. He was president of the Hallé Concerts Society until towards the end of the Second War; but in his absence in Australia and USA, another president was appointed in his place, none other than Philip Godlee, who was the cause of the call to Sir John. Beecham insisted on retaining the title of president of the Hallé; and when it was pointed out to him that two presidents, one living peripatetically here and there, were not practical, he drew attention to the fact that once on a time there were two Popes, one at Avignon.

Under Hallé, Richter, Balling, Beecham, and Harty, the Hallé Orchestra was in permanent being only for some twenty-five weeks in the year. In the summer months the players more or less lived on air, in the bands on the piers of seaside resorts. The rank and file of the Hallé Orchestra, in Hamilton Harty's years, were paid round about twenty-nine shillings a week between October and March. At the present time the Hallé Orchestra performs at more than 250 concerts a year, and their music is addressed to a public ranging from factory workers to University professors. Manchester usually hears two concerts weekly, the same program on successive evenings. The orchestra tours all Great Britain from time to time. There are ample rehearsals now. Under the old regime, one rehearsal every Thursday morning was as much as could be afforded, and the concert would be given on the evening of the rehearsal day. Under Harty the Hallé Orchestra, with one rehearsal a program, played all the Sibelius symphonies in one season, at a time when the greater Sibelius was not well known, and gave the first performances in England of the Ninth Symphony and "Das Lied von der Erde" of Mahler.

It is because the Hallé Orchestra has grown up the hard way, by adaptation to change and challenge of different cultures and economic circumstances, that it is representative of Lancashire and Northern England life and character. It is not the product of a luxurious musical pose. It is not a streamlined orchestra. Probably it might sound rather rough or even dowdy in, say, Philadelphia, where, I am prepared to believe, a cloth is thrown over the orchestra on cold nights to protect the engine. I have

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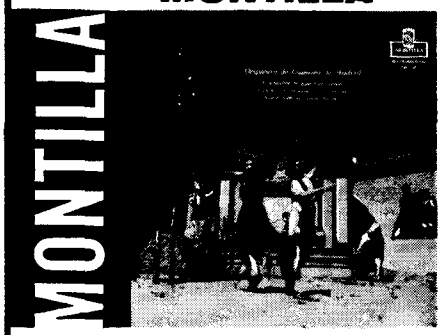

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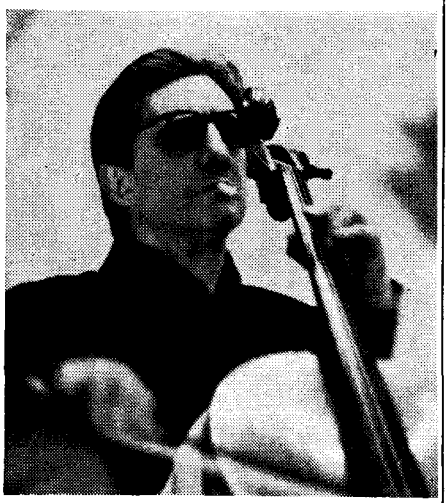

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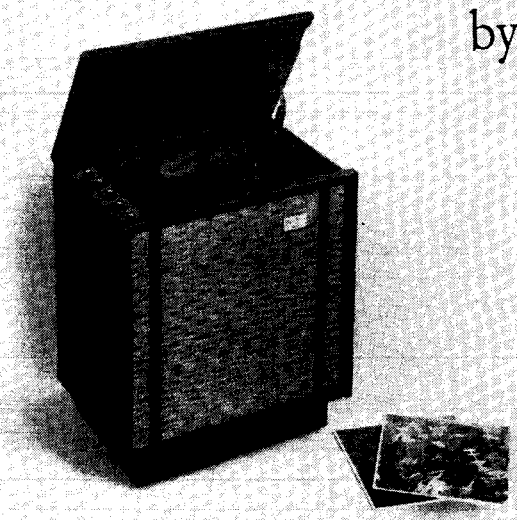

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—GEORGE JELLINEK.

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I am now exiled in London, visited by the Hallé once or twice each year. But whenever the orchestra does come to town Lancastrians in London feel a proud throb of the heart as tumultuous applause hails a performance that is alive, direct, pulsating. The Hallé Orchestra is as true to the traditions of Charles Hallé and to the spirit of Manchester as the Vienna Philharmonic is to Mahler and Vienna. I can say no more than that, being as I am, a Manchester-born man, modest and of few words.

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Victoria de las Españas

THANKS to the enthusiasm of Victoria de los Angeles for the music of her native country, the record public has the opportunity to further its acquaintance with two diverse aspects of Spanish music, one wholly new to discs, the other a considerable improvement on its previous interpretation. The diversity of the material also puts the problem of adaptability to the performer, who responds with admirable resources.

Of the two discs, the more unusual is the one (RCA Victor LM 2144) devoted to what the interpreter, in her foreword, terms representative of "the ancient Spanish musical tradition." Included, in a span from 1300-1800, are fifteen examples of Gothic, Renaissance, and Baroque songs, the first of religious character, the second and third of a secular sort associated with the court and the theatre. The vocal range is rather short throughout, as the music was not meant for display purposes. It lies beautifully for the richest part of the singer's middle register.

The lack of full texts is a detriment to thoroughgoing appreciation of the material, though the notes of José Maria Lamaña are illuminating, as far as they go. The accompaniments have been modernized to the extent of using a harpsichord rather than the forerunner of the guitar to which the material of the Renaissance period was sung, and small instrumental combinations elsewhere. None but the archeologically-minded could protest seriously, for the totality is artistically valid and esthetically coordinated.

Concurrently Miss de los Angeles may be heard in an Angel recording (35440) of the Turina "Canto a Sevilla," which were little known here prior to their partial appearance in a miscellany of the composer's works with Pedro de Freitas Branco conducting and Lola de Aragon as vocalist (originally issued by Westminster, it is now 93015 on the Ducretet-Thomson label). Turina's scheme provides for three orchestral interludes in addition to the four texts which are sung; the Branco version provided only the sung portions. Here we have the complete cycle, with Anatole Fistoulari directing the London Symphony Orchestra with excellent discrimination throughout, and Miss de los Angeles's art at its most sympathetic in the lovely contours and atmospheric phrases with which Turina evokes the spirit of his beloved city. Among the best of these is "La Giralda," which de los Angeles sings beautifully if not with as much fervor as the version in a Nan Merriman recital with Gerald Moore (also, as it happens, on Angel).

—I. K.

RECORDINGS
DECEMBER 7

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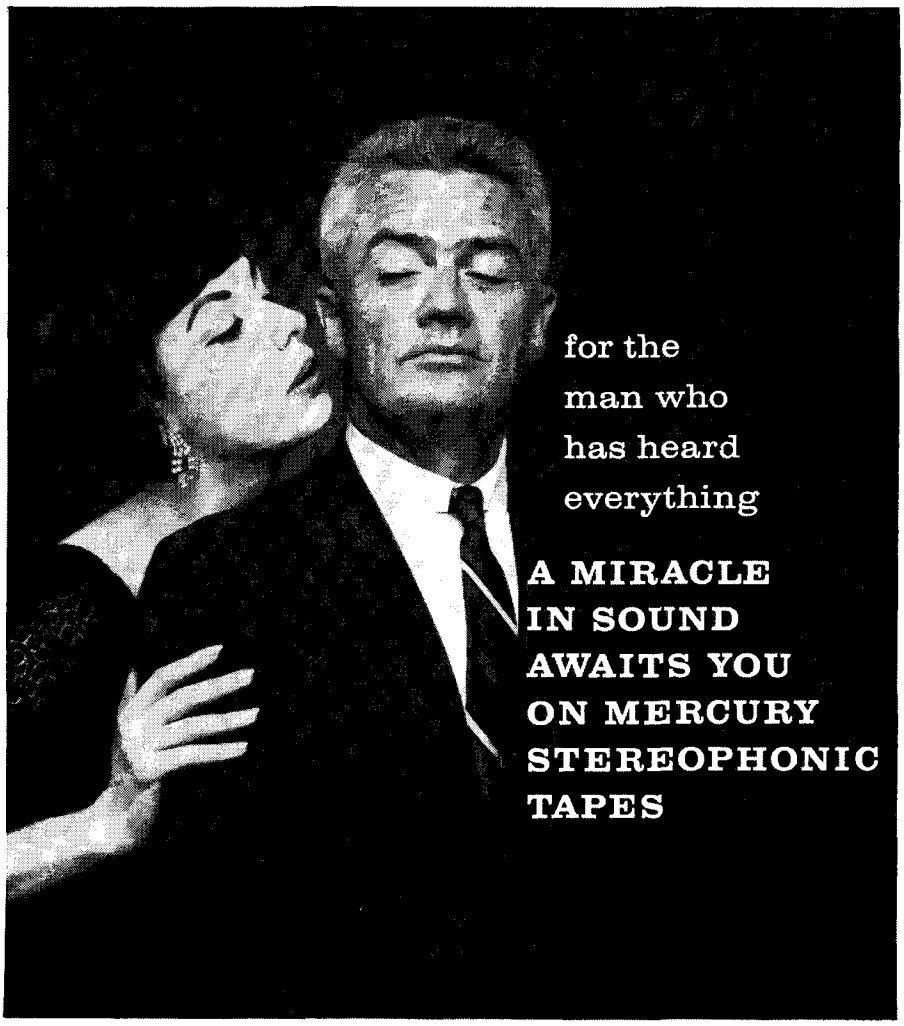

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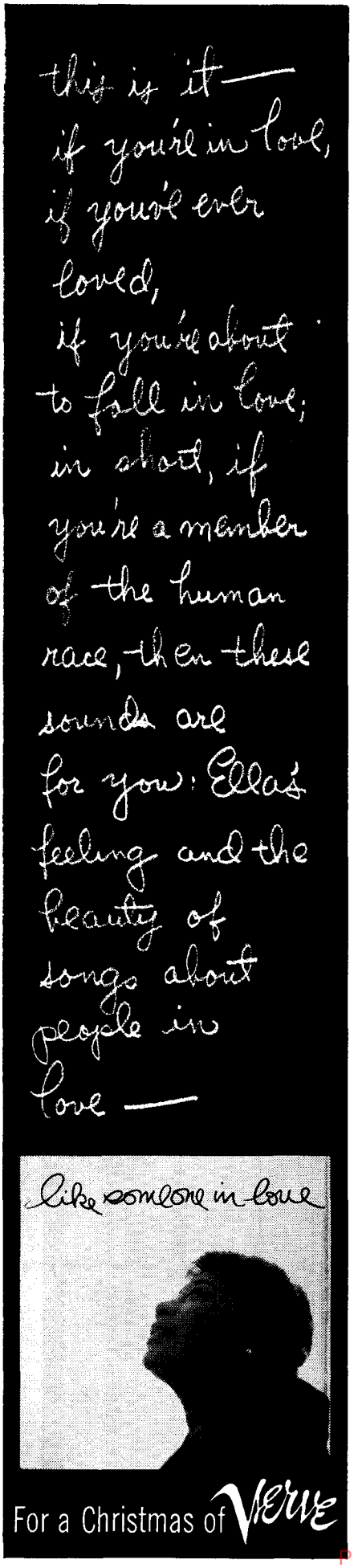

Final Festival

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

MUNICH.

FOR incorrigible festival fans who have stamina, enthusiasm, and money left after Bayreuth, Ansbach, Salzburg, Aix-en-Provence, Glyndebourne, Verona, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Berlin, and many other, less commendable enterprises, there is always the Munich Festival. It lasts into September after the summer festivals have closed shop. The Munich Festival doesn't commercialize the memory of a dead composer and isn't built around three or four stagione presentations. It is simply a resume of the year's repertory of the Munich State Opera. Originally only the works of Mozart were given, in the lovely, intimate Residenztheater; and the works of Wagner, in the Prinzregententheater, a somewhat smaller and acoustically unsuccessful replica of the Bayreuth house. Later the works of Richard Strauss were added. Strauss was born in Munich and died in Garmisch, near Munich. Again later, when something had to be done to compete with all the neighboring festivals, some modern works were added, that had proved their value as festival fare.

This year the month-long Festival offered six Strauss works ("Die Aegyptische Helena," "Ariadne," "Capriccio," "Elektra," "Frau ohne Schatten," "Rosenkavalier," "Salome"), three by Mozart ("Cosi," "Entführung," "Figaro"), three by Wagner ("Lohengrin," "Meistersinger," "Parsifal"), Handel's "Julius Caesar," Verdi's "Otello," Pfitzner's "Palestrina," Berg's "Wozzeck," and the world premiere of Hindemith's "Harmonie der Welt." It is an ambitious, earnest, large-scale effort; it takes almost four hours to perform the massive work that deals with the life, the ideas, and the struggles of Johannes Kepler, the astronomer. There are moments of fine music in it, but also moments of boredom. Hindemith wanted to show the pains of the creative mind, a difficult undertaking on the operatic stage which needs drama, not explanation. The only two composers who tried and succeeded to do it were Wagner in the third act of "Meistersinger"—the creation of Stolzing's prize lied—and Hans Pfitzner in the magnificent first act of "Palestrina" in which the audience participates in the poetic creation of Palestrina's great Mass. Few composers were ever able to explain how they did their composing, and Pfitzner's achievement is a *tour de force* of great musical beauty.

The finest evening of this year's Munich Festival was the performance of Richard Strauss's "Die Aegyptische Helena." So far as I can ascertain no other opera house on earth plays this opera, which was written between "Intermezzo" and "Arabella" and first performed twenty-nine years ago in Dresden and Vienna. You wouldn't have thought so a few weeks ago in Munich when there was the sort of discussion during the intermission that goes on during interesting world premieres. The verdict was probably mixed. The music books agree that the work, despite great musical beauty, never was entirely successful, owing to the difficult libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. This is perhaps an oversimplification. Hofmannsthal, more poet than dramatist, never made it easy for Strauss, and sometimes—in "Ariadne" and "Frau ohne Schatten"—he made it pretty difficult for him; but Ariadne has long become a standard repertory work and, judging by its success everywhere during the past three years, "Frau ohne Schatten" is on its way to being recognized as Strauss's and Hofmannsthal's masterpiece, despite its deeply mystical story.

"THE EGYPTIAN HELENA" is a very modern work in classic costume. The Trojan War is over, Menelaus has killed Paris, the lover of his wife, and now Menelaus and Helena arrive as shipwrecks on an Egyptian island that belongs to Aithra, the girl friend of Poseidon and a lady of considerable magic powers in her own right. Unlike the Amme, the evil sorceress in "Frau ohne Schatten," Aithra is a benevolent one. She notices at once that Menelaus wants to kill his unfaithful wife; and Aithra, Strauss, and Hofmannsthal spend two entertaining hours to straighten out the aftermath of this deplorable love affair. It's a psychologically deft comedy, and Aithra is probably the most accomplished psychiatrist on the entire operatic stage. She quickly convinces Menelaus that the woman who betrayed him wasn't his wife; the real Helena, the Egyptian Helena, was peacefully asleep in Aithra's palace all these years, waiting for her husband. So far, so good; a clever woman never had much trouble with a gen-

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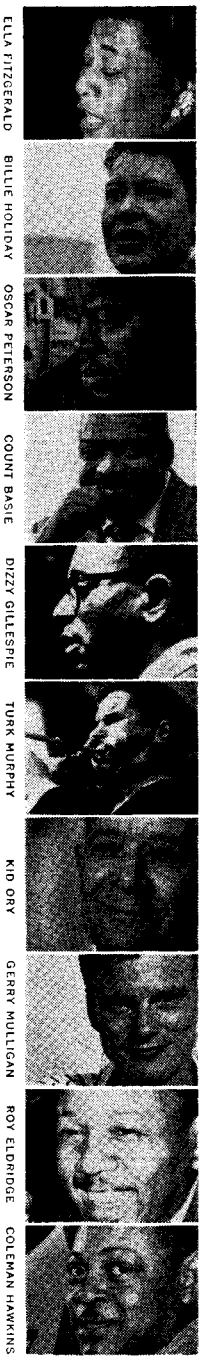
eral. But complications arise when Helena (who, needless to say, was having a very good time with Paris) is not satisfied with this solution. She wanted Paris and now she wants her husband back. She does, of course, get him back, and the love scenes give Strauss a wonderful field for some Straussian climaxes of magnificent tonal beauty. Stylistically, there is much of "Ariadne," "Frau ohne Schatten," and "Arabella" (four years later) in this music: great lyrical bows, passages of emotional power, and then again subtle woodwind irony and fine background color it. It is a pretty exciting work for discriminating audiences. It may never become as popular as "Elektra" or "Rosenkavalier," but connoisseurs of "Capriccio" and "Danse" will want to hear this one too.

THE bravura part of Helena, originally written for Maria Jeritza, was beautifully sung and acted by the incomparable Leonie Rysanek. Miss Rysanek's amazing vocal range from hardly audible pianissimo to ringing high C's was admirably suited for the exalted demands of the difficult part, and since she looked like an operatic Marilyn Monroe the illusion was a perfect one. She made it clear to the male part of the audience that here was a woman one would rather fight a war for than, say, the Suez Canal. Miss Rysanek had two excellent partners in Bernd Aldenhoff and Annelies Kupper as the sorceress-psychiatrist. The performance was admirably conducted by Joseph Keilberth, one of the Strauss interpreters who understands singers and the difficult art of making the orchestra play with great intensity yet without excessive loudness. Helmut Jürgens created the beautiful sets and Rudolf Hartmann was the producer. The Munich strings aren't as sweet as the Viennese and the brass isn't as perfect as Bayreuth's, but most of the musicians have known Strauss well and play his music with great dedication.

A few months before the "Helena" premiere, Hofmannsthal wrote Strauss, ". . . may I tell you how deeply happy I was about your music? It is beautiful in style, and there are so many new things in it . . . I feel it's among the finest music you have written."

NEWPORT ON RECORD



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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 24

though his "Dalla sua pace" was elegantly formed. In bearing and manner, he adds a good deal of strength to the ensemble action. As for Miss Hurley, she is an ever-improving singer whose musicality embellishes any role she undertakes.

As much of Flagelo's performance as I was able to hear (against the nocturnal counterpull of the Boston Symphony) suggests that he should provide the company with an admirable second to the talents of Corena in the buffo parts. He has a finely pliant, sufficiently sonorous baritone voice to work with, and a rotund, mobile face on which the needed variety of expressions can be written. It is no simple matter for a singer new to a part to hold the attention with such an aria as "Madamina, il Catologo il questa," but Flagelo did it with admirable command of himself and the music, plus that desirable quality known as unction.

A repetition of "Traviata" with Victoria de los Angeles as Violetta provided the opportunity for a revaluation of her first act, as previously reported, and an evaluation of some later portions previously unreported. According to official sources, I was at fault in attributing her initial thinness of sound in "Sempre Libera" to an unwise elevation of the pitch. This charitable impulse denied, I must add that her latest effort (unmistakably in the written key of A flat) was somewhat more secure, but not yet of the quality associated with this admirable artist; and she is striving for a kind of vocal characterization not yet at her command in this part. Giuseppe Campora's difficulties of last season in sustaining a focused pitch excepting when singing full voice (as in the second act "De' miei bollenti spiriti") have carried over into this one, with unfortunate results in Act I. It looks like a troublesome winter for his soprano partners.

Crystal-gazing is a hazardous occupation at best, especially when related to the TV tube. However, unless all indications are deceptive, there should be a sound operatic future for Mary Costa, who recently sang "Un bel di" from "Madama Butterfly" on the Jack Benny show. Discounting all mechanical trickery, her voice has a solid dramatic soprano quality rare in these days of abundant lyric talent. The surroundings being what they were, I need hardly add that she is sightly, reads lines well, and even shows a sense of comic values.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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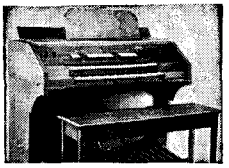

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

WOHIN "WALKÜRE"?

In *SR* Oct. 26 George Marek recommended recordings of works represented in this year's Met repertory. The list stated "'Walküre,': no complete version." I was under the impression that a complete performance of this opera was available on RCA Victor-LHMV-900. Has the above recording been deleted?

RAY BUGAN.

N. Bergen, N. J.

AVAILABLE FURTWÄNGLER

I BELIEVE you are mistaken in your comment that no complete recording of "Walküre" is available. On HMV-900 Wilhelm Furtwängler conducts Rysanek, Suthaus, and Mödl in a more complete and creditable performance than was available at the Met last season. This album is readily available locally.

R. E. FARRELL.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The set has been withdrawn, incident to the RCA-HMV dissolution. Till restored, it is in the "unavailable" category.*

DISINTER VAN DIEREN

I WONDER if *SR* will ever take up the life and works of Bernard Van Dieren, a rarely mentioned and apparently rarely performed composer whom Herbert Weinstock, Jacques Barzun, and Constant Lambert seem to consider one of the outstanding men of this century. Why not have an article by Mr. Weinstock remedying this mystifying neglect? Who is Van Dieren anyway, how important is he, and why the silence about him?

MICHAEL SCHER.

Cranford, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A worthy suggestion.*

DANKESCHÖN

I HAVE JUST finished playing "The Art of Rosa Ponselle." It is everything which *SR* said about it. All lovers of music are indebted to you for your persistent efforts to get these 78s onto LP. Up to this issue I had to satisfy myself with the old 78 of "Forza del Destino"—that's all the Ponselle I had. *Dankeschön* to *SR* and Victor.

RUSSELL THOMAS.

Marquette, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Bitteschön.*

REMARKABLE ONEGIN

LET ME JOIN several others in asking RCA Camden to give us Ina Souez on LP, and let me express gratitude for the vocal re-issues already available in this series. My own additional bid would be for a Sigrid Onegin collection. A check of old catalogues reveals there is plenty of ma-

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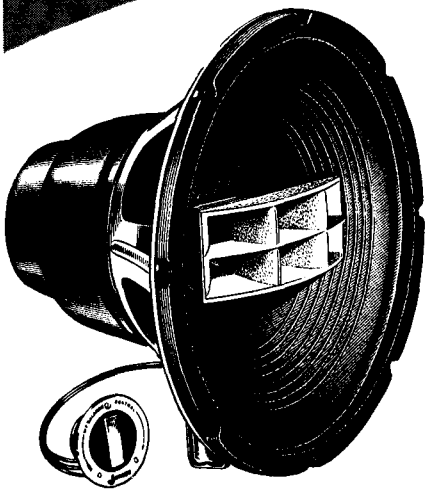

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terial for an LP, and the apparently growing Meyerbeer cult would be pleased to have the Onegin examples from "Le Prophete" and "Les Huguenots." My own old ten-inch 78-disc of the "Brindisi" from Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," now worn badly, has always seemed to me an instance of truly remarkable bravura singing.

RICHARD SUTER.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

BOUNTEOUS HORIZON

THE "MARIA, Renata, and Zinka" controversy has disappointed me since no one has pointed out that many of the faithful reject the claim of *ALL THREE* in their bid for the title of "world's greatest soprano." Callas's dark ugly voice, with its hollow wobble and small size, substantially offsets any ability to "create"; Tebaldi is artificial in action, and her poor vocal technique—now producing some awfully bad singing—is a sign of an early end to a beautiful voice; far and away the greatest of these three, Milanov, is in the late stages of her distinguished career, and she has always had small vocal and big dramatic problems.

Staunch fans of de los Angeles, Schwarzkopf, and others certainly dispute the trio's claims to be the world's greatest sopranos, and there must be plenty of other operagoers who have their own candidates.

JOHN GEHL, III.

New Orleans, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Present perfect, future indefinite (indicative).*

HE WANTS HONEGGER

WHEN RECENTLY BROWSING through my latest record catalogue, I was very disappointed to find that RCA has discontinued Charles Munch's reading of Honegger's Fifth Symphony, which was the only recording of the work. This work is one of those rare modern symphonies of real substance, a work which holds up well under repeated rehearings. I only hope this means that RCA is planning to release it coupled with his Second Symphony, also directed by Mr. Munch, which at the present is coupled with Menotti's Violin Concerto.

ROBERT B. STEWART.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WEALTH OF VERDI

IN THE PAST decade there has been a tremendous upsurge of interest in Verdi, and we have numerous "complete" recordings of his more famous operas. However, his earlier and more obscure works have been pretty well neglected (except for the Cetra releases of a few years back). For economic reasons, we obviously can't expect to have all of these operas recorded in full length version—not too many people would buy a "complete" "Lombardi" or "Attila"; and yet there is a wealth of music in the non-famous Verdi operas.

J. M. WINDAS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The correspondent's suggestion for an omnibus issue is available to any interested company.*

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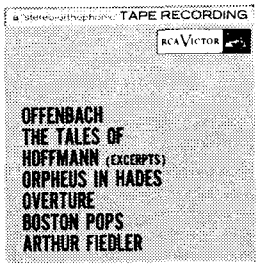

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